McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner

[illegible] Proprietor

[illegible]

HOTELS

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SHE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER XXV

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

I did as I was bid, and in fear and trembling felt myself drawn over the edge of the stone. I sprawled my legs out, but could touch nothing.

"I am going to fall!" I gasped.

"Nay, let thyself go and trust to me," answered Ayesha.

Now, if the position is considered, it will be easily understood that this was a greater demand upon my confidence than was justified by my knowledge of Ayesha's character. For all I knew she might be in the very act of consigning me to a horrible doom. But in life we sometimes have to lay our faith upon strange altars, and so it was now.

"Let thyself go!" she cried, and, having no choice, I did.

I felt myself slide a pace or two down the sloping surface of the rock, and then pass into the air, and the thought flashed through my brain that I was lost. But no. In another instant my feet struck against a rocky floor, and I felt that I was standing on something solid, and out of reach of the wind, which I could hear singing away overhead. As I stood there thanking my stars for these small mercies, there was a slip and a scuffle, and down came Leo alongside of me.

"Halloo, old fellow!" he called out, "are you there? This is getting interesting, is it not?"

Just then, with a terrific yell, Job arrived right on the top of us, knocking us both down. By the time that we had struggled to our feet again Ayesha was standing among us, and bidding us light the lamps, which fortunately remained uninjured, as did the spare jar of oil.

I got out my box of Bryant & May's wax matches, and they struck as merrily there, in that awful place, as in a London drawing room.

In a couple of minutes both the lamps were alight, and a curious scene they revealed. We were huddled up in a rocky chamber, some twelve feet square, and scared enough we looked; that is, except Ayesha, who was standing calmly with her arms folded and waiting for the lamps to burn up. The chamber appeared to be partly natural and partly hollowed out of the top of the cone. The roof of the natural part was formed of the swinging stone, and that of the back part of the chamber, which sloped downward, was hewn from the live rock. For the rest, the place was warm and dry—a perfect haven of rest compared to the giddy pinnacle above, and the quivering spur that shot out to meet it in midair.

"There," said She, "safely have we come, though once I feared that the rocking stone would fall with ye and precipitate ye into the bottomless depths beneath, for I do believe that the cleft goeth down to the very womb of the world. The rock whereon the stone resteth hath crumbled beneath the swinging weight. And now that he," nodding toward Job, who was sitting on the floor feebly wiping his forehead with a red cotton pocket handkerchief, "whom they rightly call the 'Pig,' for as a pig is he stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return across the 'gulf,' and to that end must I make a plan. But now rest awhile and look at this place. What think ye that it is?"

"We know not," I answered.

"Wouldst thou believe, O Holly, that once a man did choose this airy nest for a daily habitation, and did here endure for many years, leaving it only but one day in every twelve to seek food and water and oil that the people brought, more than he could carry, and laid as an offering in the mouth of the tunnel through which we passed hither?"

We looked up wonderingly, and she continued:

"Yet so it was. There was a man—Noot, he named himself—who, though he lived in the latter days, had of the wisdom of the sons of Kor. A hermit was he, and a philosopher, and skilled in the secrets of nature, and he it was who discovered the fire that I shall show ye, which is nature's blood and life, and also that he who bathed therein, and breathed thereof, should live while nature lives. But like unto thee, O Holly, this man, Noot, would not turn his knowledge to account. 'Ill,' he said, 'was it for man to live, for man was born to die.' Therefore did he tell his secret to none, and therefore did he come and live here, where the seeker after life must pass, and was revered of the Amahagger of the day as holy and a hermit. And when first I came to this country—knowest thou how I came, Kallikrates? Another time will I tell thee—it is a strange tale—I heard of this philosopher, and waited for him when he came to fetch his food, and returned with him hither, though greatly did I fear to tread the gulf. Then did I beguile him with my beauty and my wit, and flatter him with my tongue, so that he led me down and showed me the fire, and told me the secrets of the fire, but he would not suffer me to step therein, and, fearing lest he should slay me, I refrained, knowing that the man was very old and soon would die. And I returned, having learned from him all that he knew of the wonderful spirit of the world, and that was much, for the man was wise and very ancient, and by purity and abstinence, and the contemplation of his innocent mind, had worn thin the veil between that which we see and the great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings at times we hear as they sweep through the gross air of the world. Then it was but a very few days after I met thee, my Kallikrates, who hadst wandered hither with the Egyptian Amenartas, and I learned to love for the first and last time, once and forever, so that it entered into my mind to come hither with thee and receive the gift of life for thee and me. Therefore came we, with that Egyptian who would not be left behind, and, behold, we found the old man Noot lying but newly dead. There he lay, and his white beard lay on him like a garment," and she pointed to the spot near where I was sitting; "but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust, and the wind hath borne his ashes hence."

Here I put out my hand and felt in the dust, and presently my fingers touched something. It was a single human tooth, very yellow but sound. I held it up and showed it to Ayesha, who laughed.

"Yes," she said, "it is his without a doubt. Behold what remaineth of Noot and the wisdom of Noot—one little tooth. And yet that man had all life at his command, and for his conscience's sake would have none of it. Well, he lay there newly dead, and we descended whither I shall lead ye, and then, gathering up all my courage, and courting death that I might perchance win so glorious a crown of life, I stepped into the flames, and behold! life such as ye can never know until ye feel it also flowed into me, and I came forth unharmed and lovely beyond imagining. Then did I stretch out mine arms to thee, Kallikrates, and bid thee take thine immortal bride, and behold, as I spoke, thou, blinded by my beauty, didst turn from me, and throw thine arms about the neck of Amenartas. And then a great fury filled me, and made me mad, and I seized the javelin that thou didst bear, and stabbed thee, so that there, at my very feet, in the place of life, thou didst groan and go down into death. I knew not then that I had power to slay with mine eyes and will, therefore in my madness slew I with the javelin.

"And when thou wast dead, ah! I wept, because I was undying and thou wast dead. I wept there in the place of life so that had I been mortal any more my heart had surely broken. And she, the swart Egyptian, she cursed me by her gods. By Osiris did she curse me and by Isis, by Nephthys and by [illegible], by Sekhet, the lion headed, and by Set, calling down evil on me, evil and everlasting desolation. Ah! I can see her dark face now lowering o'er me like a storm, but she could not hurt me, and I—I know not if I could hurt her. I did not try; it was naught to me then, so between us we bore thee hence. And afterward I sent her—the Egyptian—away through the swamps, and it seems that she lived to bear a son and to write the tale that should lead thee, her husband, back to me, her rival and thy murderess.

"Such is the tale, my love, and now is the hour at hand that shall set a crown upon it. Like all things on the earth, it is compounded of evil and of good—more of evil than of good, perchance—and writ in letters of blood. It is the truth; naught have I hidden from thee, Kallikrates. And now one thing before the final moment of thy trial. We go down into the presence of death, for life and death are very near together, and—who knows?—that might happen which should separate us for another space of waiting. I am but a woman, and no prophetess, and I cannot read the future. But this I know—for I learned it from the lips of the wise man Noot—that my life is but prolonged and made more bright. It cannot live for aye. Therefore before we go, tell me, O Kallikrates, that of a truth thou dost forgive me, and dost love me from thy heart. See, Kallikrates, much evil have I done—perchance it was evil but two nights gone to strike that girl who loved thee cold in death—but she disobeyed me and angered me, prophesying misfortune to me, and I smote. Be careful when power comes to thee also lest thou also shouldst smite in thine anger or thy jealousy, for unconquerable strength is a sore weapon in the hands of erring man. Yes, I have sinned—out of the bitterness born of a great love have I sinned—but yet do I know the good from the evil, nor is my heart altogether hardened. Thy love, O Kallikrates, shall be the gate of my redemption, even as aforetime my passion was the path down which I ran to evil. For deep love unsatisfied is the hell of noble hearts and a portion for the accursed, but love that is mirrored back more perfect from the soul of our desire doth fashion wings to lift us above ourselves, and make us what we might be. Therefore, Kallikrates, take me by the hand and lift my veil with no more fear than though I were some peasant girl, and not the wisest and most beauteous woman in this world, and look me in the eyes and tell me that thou dost forgive me with all thine heart, and that with all thine heart thou dost worship me."

She paused, and the strange tenderness in her voice seemed to hover round us like a memory. I know that the sound of it moved me more even than her words, it was so very human—so very womanly. Leo, too, was strangely touched. Hitherto he had been fascinated against his better judgment, something as a bird is fascinated by a snake, but now I think that all this passed away, and he realized that he really loved this strange and glorious creature, as, alas! I loved her also. At any rate I saw his eyes fill with tears, and he stepped swiftly to her and undid the gauzy veil and then took her by the hand and gazing into her deep eyes, said aloud:

"Ayesha, I love thee with all my heart, and so far as forgiveness is possible I forgive thee the death of Ustane. For the rest it is between thee and thy maker; I know naught of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end."

"Now," answered Ayesha, with proud humility, "now when my lord doth speak thus royally and give with so free a hand, it can not become me to lag behind in words and be beggared of my generous [illegible] Behold!" and she took his hand and placed it upon her shapely head and then bent herself slowly down till one knee for an instant touched the ground—"behold, in token of submission do I bow me to my lord. Behold!" and she kissed him on the lips, "in token of my wifely love do I kiss my lord. Behold!" and she laid her hand upon his heart, "by the sin I sinned, by my lonely centuries of waiting wherewith it was wiped out, by the great love wherewith I love, and by the spirit, the eternal thing that doth beget all life, from whom it ebbs, to whom it doth return again—I swear:

"I swear, even in this first most holy hour of completed womanhood, that I will abandon evil and cherish good. I swear that I will be ever guided by thy voice in the straightest path of duty. I swear that I will eschew ambition, and through all my endless days set wisdom over me as a guiding star to lead me unto truth and a knowledge of the right. I swear also that I will honor and will cherish thee, Kallikrates, who hast been swept by the wave of time back into my arms, till the very end, come it soon or late. I swear—nay, I will swear no more, for what are words? Yet shalt thou learn that Ayesha hath no false tongue.

"So I have sworn, and thou, my Holly, art witness to my words. Here, too, are we wed, my husband, with the gloom for bridal canopy—wed till the end of all things; here do we write our marriage vows upon the rushing winds which shall bear them up to heaven, and round and round the world; and the bridal salute, we [illegible] [illegible] canopy.

"And for a bridal [gift] beauty's star [illegible] wisdom without measure [illegible] [illegible] earth [illegible] fair [illegible] [be]hold, [the] wealth [illegible] treasure of [illegible] about thy [illegible] women shall cover up [their faces before thee] [illegible] the shining glory of thy face [illegible] wise

men shall be abased before thee. Thou shalt read the hearts of men as an open writing, and hither and thither shalt thou lead them as thy pleasure listeth. Like that old Sphinx of Egypt shalt thou sit aloft from age to age, and ever shall they cry to thee to solve the riddle of thy greatness that doth not pass away, and ever shalt thou mock them with thy silence!

"Behold! once more I kiss thee, and by that kiss I give thee dominion over sea and earth, over the peasant in his hovel, over the monarch in his palace halls, and cities crowned with towers, and those who breathe therein. Where'er the sun shakes out his spears, and the lonesome waters mirror up the moon, wherever storms roll, and Heaven's painted bows arch in the sky—from the pure North clad in snows, across the middle spaces of the world, to where the amorous South, lying like a bride upon her myrtle couch, breathes in sighs the passion of thy dominion—there shall thy power pass, and thy dominion find a home. Nor sickness, nor icy-fingered fear, nor sorrow, and pale waste of form and mind hovering ever over humanity shall so much as shadow thee with the shadow of their wings. As a god shalt thou be, holding good and evil in the hollow of thy hand, and I, even I, I humble myself before thee. Such is the power of love, and such is the bridal gift I give unto thee, Kallikrates, my royal son of Re, my lord and lord of all.

"And now it is done, and come storm, come shine, come good or ill, come life, come death, it never, never can be undone. For of a truth that which is, is, and, being done, is done for aye, and cannot be altered. I have said—Let us hence, that all things may be accomplished in their order;" and taking one of the lamps, she advanced toward the end of the chamber that was roofed in by the swaying stone, where she halted.

We followed her, and perceived that in the wall of the cone there was a stair, or, to be more accurate, that some projecting knobs of rock had been so shaped as to form a good imitation of a stair. Down this Ayesha began to climb, springing from step to step, like a chamois, and after her we followed with less grace. When we had descended some fifteen or sixteen steps we found that they ended in a tremendous rocky slope, running first outward and then inward like the slope of an inverted cone or tunnel. The slope was very steep, and often precipitous, but it was nowhere impassable, and by the light of the lamps we went down it with no great difficulty, though it was gloomy work enough traveling on thus, no one of us knew whither, into the dead heart of a volcano. As we went, however, I took the precaution of noting our route as well as I could; and this was not difficult, owing to the extraordinary and most fantastic shape of the rocks that were strewn about, many of which in that dim light looked more like the grim faces carved upon mediæval gargoyles than ordinary bowlders.

For a long period we traveled on thus, half an hour I should say, till after we had descended for many hundreds of feet, I perceived that we were reaching the point of the inverted cone. In another minute we were there, and found that at the very apex of the funnel was a passage so low and narrow that we had to stoop as we crept along it in Indian file. After some fifty yards of this creeping the passage suddenly widened into a cave, so huge that we could see neither the roof nor the sides. We only knew that it was a cave by the echo of our tread and the perfect quiet of the heavy air. On we went for many minutes in absolute awed silence, like lost souls in the depths of Tartarus, Ayesha's white and ghost like form flitting in front of us, till once more the cavern ended in a passage which opened in a second cavern much smaller than the first. Indeed, we could clearly make out the arch and stony banks of this second cave, and, from their rent and jagged appearance, discovered that, like the first long passage through which we had passed in the cliff before we came to the quivering spur, it had to all appearance been torn in the bowels of the rock by the terrific force of some explosive gas. At length this cave ended in a third passage, through which gleamed a faint glow of light.

I heard Ayesha give a sigh of relief as this light dawned upon us.

"It is well," she said, "prepare to enter the womb of the earth, wherein she doth conceive the Life that ye see brought forth in man and beast—ay, and in every tree and flower."

Swiftly she sped along, and after her we stumbled as best we might, our hearts filled like a cup with mingled dread and curiosity. What were we about to see? We passed down the tunnel, stronger and stronger the light beamed, reaching us in great flashes like the rays from a lighthouse, as one by one they are thrown upon the darkness of the waters. Nor was this all, for with the flashes came a soul shaking sound like that of thunder and of crashing trees. Now we were through it, and—oh, heavens!

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others. It was filled with a soft glow of rose colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern, with a grinding and crashing noise—a noise so dreadful and awe inspiring that we all trembled and Job actually sunk to his knees—there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow many colored and like the lightning bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away—I know not whither—leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near!" cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very fountain and heart of life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright spirit of the globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very font and seat of being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed. And as we went we became sensible of a wild and splendid exhilaration, of a glorious sense of such a fierce intensity of life that the most buoyant moments of our strength seemed flat and tame and feeble beside it. It was the mere effluvium of the flame, the subtle ether that it cast off as it passed, working on us, and making us feel as strong as giants and swift as eagles.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearean beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind; it was as though the bonds of my flesh had loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot [to do before]. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the real.

Then, suddenly, while I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder wheels of heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save She, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but of truth—I am no coward—but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless I will do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that I will also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud, "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See, now, I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days, if that be possible. If it be not possible, at least it cannot harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But now it is otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation, ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour were at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT WE SAW

Then came a few moments' pause, during which Ayesha seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial, while we clung to each other and waited in utter silence.

At last, from far, far away came the first murmur of sound, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow in the distance. As she heard it, Ayesha swiftly threw off her gauzy wrapping, loosened her golden snake from her kirtle, and then, shaking her lovely hair about her like a garment, beneath its cover slipped the kirtle off, and replaced the snaky belt around her and outside the masses of falling hair. There she stood before us as Eve might have stood before Adam clad in nothing but her abundant locks, held round by her golden band; and no words of mine can tell how sweet she looked—and yet how divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder wheels of fire, and as they came she pushed one ivory arm through the dark masses of her hair and flung it round Leo's neck.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "wilt thou ever know how I have loved thee?" and she kissed him on the forehead, and then went and stood in the pathway of the flame of life.

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof was as though a forest were being swept flat by a mighty wind and then tossed up by it like so much grass and thundered down a mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came, now flashes of light, forerunners of the revolving pillar of flame, were passing like arrows through the rosy air, and now the edge of the pillar itself appeared. Ayesha turned toward it and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came, very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. I saw the fire run up her form. I saw her lift it with both her hands as though it were water and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth and draw it down into her lungs, and a dread and wonderful sight it was.

Then she paused and stretched out her arms and stood there quite still, with a heavenly smile upon her face, as though she were the very spirit of the flame.

The mysterious fire played up and down her dark and rolling locks, twining and twisting itself through and around them like threads of golden lace, it gleamed upon her ivory breast and shoulder, from which the hair had slipped aside, it slid along her pillared throat and delicate features and seemed to find a home in the glorious eyes that shone and shone more brightly even than the spiritual essence.

Oh, how beautiful she looked there in the flame! No angel out of heaven could have worn a greater loveliness. Even now my heart faints before the recollection of it as she stood and smiled at our awed faces, and I would give half my remaining time upon this earth to see her once like that again.

But suddenly—more suddenly than I can describe—a kind of change came over her face, a change which I could not define or explain on paper, but none the less a change. The smile vanished and in its place there came a dry, hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon it. The glorious eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its perfect shape and erectness.

I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I was the victim of some hallucination or that the refraction from the intense light produced an optical delusion, and, as I did so the flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off whithersoever it passes to in the bowels of the great earth, leaving Ayesha standing where it had been.

As soon as it was gone she stepped forward to Leo's side—it seemed to me that there was no spring in her step—and stretched out her hand to lay it on his shoulder. I gazed at the arm. Where was its wonderful roundness and beauty? It was getting thin and angular. And her face—by heaven!—her face was growing old before my eyes! I suppose that Leo saw it also, certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"What is it, my Kallikrates?" she said and her voice—what was the matter with those deep and thrilling notes? They were quite high and cracked.

"Why, what is it—what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the quality of the fire hath not altered. Can the principle of life alter? Tell me, Kallikrates, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear," and she put her hand to her head and touched her hair—and, oh, horror of horrors!—it all fell off upon the floor, leaving her utterly bald.

"Oh, look! look! look!" shrieked Job, in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "Look! look! look! she's shriveling up! she's turning into a monkey!" and down he fell upon the floor, foaming and gnashing in a fit.

True enough—I faint even as I write it in the living presence of that terrible recollection—she was shriveling up; the golden snake that had encircled her gracious form slipped over her hips and fell upon the ground, smaller and smaller she grew; her skin changed color, and in place of the perfect whiteness of its luster it turned dirty brown and yellow, like an old piece of withered parchment. She felt at her bald head: the delicate hand was nothing but a claw now, a human talon, like that of a badly preserved Egyptian mummy, and then she seemed to realize what kind of change was passing over her, and she shrieked—ah, she shrieked!—she rolled upon the floor and shrieked!

Smaller she grew and smaller yet, till she was no larger than a she baboon. Now the skin was puckered into a million wrinkles, and on the shapeless face was the stamp of unutterable age. I never saw anything like it; nobody ever saw anything like the frightful age that was graven on that fearful countenance, no bigger now than that of a two-months child, though the skull remained the same size or nearly so, and let all men pray to God they never may, if they wish to keep their reason.

At last she lay still, or only feebly moving. She who but two minutes before had gazed upon us the loveliest, noblest, most splendid woman the world had ever seen, she lay still before us, near the masses of her own dark hair, no larger than a big monkey, and hideous—ah, too hideous for words. And yet, think of this—at that very moment I thought of it—it was the same woman.

She was dying; we saw it, and thanked God—for while she lived she could feel, and what must she have felt? She raised herself upon her bony hands and blindly gazed around her, swaying her head slowly from side to side as a tortoise does. She could not see, for her whitish eyes were covered with a horny film. Oh, the horrible pathos of the sight! But she could still speak.

"Kallikrates," she said, in husky trembling notes. "Forget me not, Kallikrates. Have pity on my shame; I shall come again and shall once more be beautiful, I swear it—it is true! Oh—h—h—" and she fell upon her face and was still.

On the very spot where twenty centuries before she had slain the old Kallikrates, she herself fell down and died.

Overcome with the extremity of horror, we, too, fell on the sandy floor of that dread place and swooned away.

I know not how long we lay thus. Many hours I suppose. When at last I opened my eyes the other two were still outstretched upon the floor. The rosy light still beamed like a celestial dawn, and the thunder wheels of the spirit of life still rolled upon their accustomed track, for as I awoke the great pillar was passing away. There, too, lay the hideous little monkey frame, covered with crinkled yellow parchment that once had been the glorious She. Alas! it was no hideous dream—it was an awful and unparalleled fact!

What had happened to bring this shocking change about? Had the nature of the life giving fire changed? Did it perhaps from time to time send forth an essence of death instead of an essence of life? Or was it that the frame once charged with its marvelous virtue could bear no more, so that were the process repeated—it mattered not what lapse of time—the two impregnations neutralized each other and left the body on which they acted as it was before it ever came into contact with the very essence of life? This, and this alone would account for the sudden and terrible aging of Ayesha as the whole length of her 2,000 years took effect upon her. I have not the slightest doubt myself but that the frame now lying before me was just what the frame of a woman would be if by any extraordinary means life could be preserved in her till she at length died at the age of twenty two centuries.

But who can tell what had happened? There was the fact. Often since that awful hour I have reflected that it required no great stretch of imagination to see the finger of Providence in the matter. Ayesha locked up in her living tomb, waiting from age to age for the coming of her lover, worked but a small change in the order of the world. But Ayesha, strong and happy in her love, clothed in immortal youth and godlike beauty, and the wisdom of the centuries, would have revolutionized society, and even perchance have changed the destiny of mankind. Thus she opposed herself against the eternal law, and, strong though she was, by it was swept back to nothingness—swept back with shame and hideous mockery.

For some minutes I lay faintly turning these terrors over in my mind, while my physical strength came back to me, which it soon did in that buoyant atmosphere. Then I bethought me of the others, and staggered to my feet to see if I could arouse them. But first I took up Ayesha's kirtle and the gauzy scarf with which she had been wont to hide her dazzling loveliness from the eyes of men, and, averting my head so that I might not look upon it, covered up that dreadful relic of the glorious dead, that shocking epitome of human beauty and human life. I did this hurriedly, fearing lest Leo should recover and see it again.

Then, stepping over the perfumed masses of dark hair that lay upon the sand, I stooped down by Job, who was lying upon his face, and turned him over. As I did so his arm fell back in a way that I did not like, and which sent a chill through me, and I glanced sharply at him. One look was enough. Our old and faithful servant was dead. His nerves, already shattered by all he had seen and undergone, had utterly broken down beneath this last dire sight, and he had died of terror, or in a fit brought on by terror. One had only to look at his face to see it.

It was another blow, but perhaps it may help people to understand how overwhelmingly awful was the experience through which we had passed—we did not feel it much at the time. It seemed quite natural that the poor old fellow should be dead. When Leo came to himself, which he did with a groan and trembling of the limbs about ten minutes afterward, and I told him that Job was dead, he merely said, "Oh!" And, mind you, this was from no heartlessness, for he and Job were much attached to each other, and he often talks of him now with the deepest regret and affection. It was only that his nerves would bear no more. A harp can only give out a certain quantity of sound, however heavily it is smitten.

Well, I set myself to recovering Leo, whom, to my infinite relief, I found was not dead, but only fainting, and in the end I succeeded, as I have said, and he sat up, and then I saw another dreadful thing. When we entered that awful place his curling hair had been of the ruddiest gold, now it was turning gray, and by the time we gained the outer air it was snow white. Besides, he looked twenty years older.

"What is to be done, old fellow?" he said, in a hollow, dead sort of voice, when his mind had cleared a little, and a recollection of what had happened forced itself upon it.

"Try and get out, I suppose," I answered, "that is unless you would like to go in there," and I pointed to the column of fire that was once more rolling by.

"I would go in if I were sure it would kill me," he said, with a little laugh. "It was my cursed hesitation that did this. If I had not been afraid she might never have tried to show me the road. But I am not sure. The fire might have the opposite effect upon me. It might make me immortal, and, old fellow, I have not the patience to wait a couple of thousand years for her to come back again as she did for me. I had rather die when my hour comes—and I should fancy that it isn't far off either—and go my ways to look for her. Do you go in, if you like."

But I merely shook my head, my excitement was as dead as ditch water, and my distaste for the prolongation of my mortal span had come back upon me more strongly than ever. Besides, we neither of us knew what the effects of the fire might be. The result upon She had not been of an encouraging nature, and of the exact causes that produced that result we were, of course, ignorant.

"Well, my boy," I said, "we can't stop here till we go the way of those two," and I pointed to the little heap under the white garment and to the stiffening corpse of poor Job. "If we are going we had better go. But, by the way, I expect that the lamps have burned out," and I took one up and looked at it and sure enough it had.

"There is some more oil in the vase," said Leo, indifferently, "if it is not broken, at least."

I examined the vessel in question—it was intact. With a trembling hand I filled the lamps—luckily there was still some of the linen wick unburned. Then I lit them with one of our wax matches. While I did so we heard the pillar of fire approaching once more as it went on its never ending journey, if, indeed, it was the same pillar that passed and repassed in a circle.

"Let's see it come once more," said Leo, "we shall never look upon its like again in this world."

It seemed a bit of idle curiosity, but somehow I shared it, and so we waited till, turning slowly round upon its own axis, it had flamed and thundered by, and I remember wondering for how many thousands of years this same phenomenon had been taking place in the bowels of the earth, and for how many more thousands it would continue to take place. I wondered also if any mortal eyes would ever again mark its passage, or any mortal ears be thrilled and fascinated by the swelling volume of its majestic sound. I do not think that they will. I believe that we are the last human beings who will ever see that unearthly sight. Presently it had gone, and we, too, turned to go.

But before we did so we each took Job's cold hand in ours and shook it. It was a rather ghastly ceremony, but it was the only means in our power of showing our respect to the faithful dead and of celebrating his obsequies. The heap beneath the white garment we did not uncover. We had no wish to look upon that terrible sight again. But we went to the pile of rippling hair that had fallen from her in the agony of the hideous change, which was worse than a thousand natural deaths, and each of us drew from it a shining lock, and these locks we still have, the sole memento that is left to us of Ayesha, as we knew her in the fullness of her grace and glory. Leo pressed the perfumed hair to his lips.

"She called to me not to forget her," he said, hoarsely—"and swore that we should meet again. By heaven! I never will forget her. Here I swear that, if we live to get out of this, I will not for all my days have anything to say to another living woman, and that wherever I go I will wait for her as faithfully as she waited for me."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "if she comes back beautiful as we knew her. But supposing she came back like that!"

Well and then we went. We went, and left those two in the presence of the very well and spring of life, but gathered to the cold company of death. How lonely they looked as they lay there, and how ill assorted. That little heap had been for 2,000 years the wisest, loveliest, proudest creature—I can hardly call her woman—in the whole universe. She had been wicked, too, in her way, but, alas! such is the frailty of the human heart, her wickedness had not detracted from her charm. Indeed, I am by no means certain that it did not add to it. It was, after all, of a grand order; there was nothing mean or small about Ayesha.

And poor Job, too! His presentiment had come true, and there was an end of him. Well, he had a strange burial place—no Norfolk hind ever had a stranger, or ever will—and it is something to lie in the same sepulcher with the poor remains of the imperial She.

We looked our last upon them and the indescribable rosy glow in which they lay, and then with hearts far too heavy for words we left them and crept thence broken down men—so broken down that we even renounced the chance of practically immortal life because all that made life valuable had gone from us, and we knew even then that to prolong our days indefinitely would only be to prolong our sufferings. For we felt—yes, both of us—that having once looked Ayesha in the eyes we could not forget her forever and ever while memory and identity remained. We both loved her now and for always, she was stamped and carven on our hearts, and no other woman could ever come that splendid die. And I—there lies the sting—I had and have no right to think thus of her. As she told me, I was naught to her, and never shall be through the unfathomed depths of time, unless, indeed, conditions alter, and a day comes at last when two men may love one woman and all three be happy in the fact. It is the only hope of my broken heartedness, and a rather faint one. Beyond it I have nothing. I have paid down this heavy price all that I am worth here and hereafter, and that is my sole reward. With Leo it is different, and often and often I bitterly envy him his happy lot, for if She was right, and her wisdom and knowledge did not fail her at the last, which, arguing from the precedent of her own case, I think unlikely, he has some future to look forward to. But I have none, and yet—mark the folly and the weakness of the human heart, and let him who is wise learn wisdom from it—yet I would not have it otherwise. I mean that I am content to give what I have given and must always give, and take in payment those crumbs that fall from my mistress' table, the memory of a few kind words, the hope one day in the far undreamed future of a sweet smile or two of recognition, and a little show of thanks for my devotion to her—and Leo.

If that does not constitute true love I do not know what does, and all I have to say is that it is a very bad state of mind for a man on the wrong side of middle age to fall into.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE LEAP

We passed through the caves without trouble, but when we came to the slope of the inverted cone two difficulties stared us in the face. The first of these was the laborious nature of the ascent, and the next the extreme difficulty of finding our way. Indeed, had it not been for the mental notes that I had fortunately taken of the shape of various rocks, etc., I am sure that we never should have managed it at all, but have wandered about in the dreadful womb of the volcano—for I suppose it must once have been something of the sort—until we died of exhaustion and despair. As it was, we went wrong several times and once nearly fell into a huge crack or crevasse. It was terrible work creeping about in the dense gloom and awful stillness from bowlder to bowlder, and examining it by the feeble lights of the lamp to see if I could recognize its shape. We rarely spoke, our hearts were too heavy for speech, we simply stumbled about, falling sometimes and cutting ourselves in a rather dogged sort of way. The fact was that our spirits were utterly crushed, and we did not greatly care what happened to us. Only we felt bound to try and save our lives while we could, and, indeed, a natural instinct prompted us to it. So for some three or four hours, I should think—I cannot tell exactly how long, for we had no watch left that would go—we blundered on. During the last two hours we were completely lost, and I began to fear that we had got in the funnel of some subsidiary cone, when at last I suddenly recognized a very large rock which we had passed in descending but a little way from the top. It is a marvel that I should have recognized it, and, indeed, we had already passed it, going at right angles to the proper path, when something about it struck me, and I turned back and examined it in an idle sort of way, and as it happened this proved our salvation.

After this we gained the rocky natural stair without much further trouble, and in due course found ourselves back in the little chamber where the benighted Noot had lived and died.

But now a fresh terror stared us in the face. It may be remembered that, owing to poor Job's fear and awkwardness, the plank upon which we had crossed from the huge spur to the rocking stone had been whirled off into the gulf below.

How were we to cross without the plank?

There was only one answer—we must try and jump it, or else stop where we were till we starved. The distance in itself was not very great—between eleven and twelve feet, I should think—and I have seen Leo jump over nineteen feet when he was a young fellow at college, but then, think of the conditions. Two weary, worn out men, one of them the wrong side of 40, a rocking stone to take off from, a trembling point of rock some few feet across to land on, and a bottomless gulf to be cleared in a raging gale. It was bad enough, God knows, but when I pointed out these things to Leo, he put the whole matter in a nutshell by replying that, merciless as the choice was, we must choose between the certainty of a lingering death in the chamber and the risk of a swift one in the air. Of course there was no arguing against this, but one thing was clear, we could not attempt that leap in the dark; the only thing to do was to wait for the ray of light which pierced through the gulf at sunset. How near to or how far from sunset we might be neither of us had the faintest notion, all we did know was that when at last the light came it would not endure more than a couple of minutes at the outside, so that we must be prepared to meet it. Accordingly, we made up our minds to creep on to the top of the rocking stone and lie there in readiness. We were the more readily reconciled to this course by the fact that our lamps were once more nearly exhausted—indeed, one had gone out bodily, and the other was jumping up and down, as the flame of a lamp does when the oil is done. So by the aid of its dying light we hastened to crawl out of the little chamber and clamber up the side of the great stone.

As we did so the light went out.

The difference in our position was a sufficiently remarkable one. Below, in the little chamber, we had only heard the roaring of the gale overhead, here, lying on our faces on the swinging stone, we were exposed to its full force and fury, as the great draught drew first from this direction and then from that, howling against the mighty precipice and through the rocky cliffs like 10,000 despairing souls. We lay there hour after hour in terror and misery of mind so deep that I will not attempt to describe it, and listened to the wild storm voices of that Tartarus, as set to the deep undertone of the spur opposite, against which the wind hummed like some awful harp, they called to each other from precipice to precipice. No nightmare dreamed by man, no wild invention of the romancer, can ever equal the living horror of that place and the weird crying of those voices of the night as we lay, like shipwrecked mariners on a raft, and tossed on a black, unfathomed wilderness of air. Fortunately the temperature was not a low one—indeed, the wind was warm, or we should have perished. Well, we lay and listened, and while we still were stretched out upon the rock a thing happened that was so curious and suggestive in itself, though doubtless it was a mere coincidence, that, if anything, it added to rather than deducted from the burden of our nerves.

It will be remembered that when Ayesha was standing on the spur, before we crossed to the stone, the wind tore her cloak from her and whirled it away into the darkness of the gulf we could not see whither. Well—I hardly like to tell the story, it is so strange—as we lay there upon the rocking stone, this very cloak came floating out of the black space, like a memory from the dead, and fell on Leo so that it covered him nearly from head to foot. We could not at first make out what it was, but soon discovered by its feel, and then poor Leo for the first time gave way, and I heard him sobbing there upon the stone. No doubt the cloak had been caught upon some pinnacle of the cliff, and was thence blown hither by a chance gust; but still it was a most curious and touching incident.

Shortly after this, suddenly, without the slightest previous warning, the great red knife of light came stabbing the darkness through and through, struck the swaying stone on which we lay and rested its sharp point upon the spur opposite.

"Now for it," said Leo, "now or never."

We rose and stretched ourselves, and looked at the cloud wreaths stained the color of blood by that red ray, as they tore through the sickening depths beneath, and then at the empty space between the swaying stone and the quivering rock, and, in our hearts, despaired and prepared for death. Surely we could not clear it, desperate though we were.

"Who is to go first?" said I.

"Do you, old fellow," answered Leo. "I will sit upon the other side of the stone to steady it. You must take as much run as you can and jump high, and God have mercy on us, say I."

I acquiesced with a nod, and then I did a thing I had never done since Leo was a little boy. I turned and put my arm round him and kissed him on the forehead. It sounds rather French, but as a fact I was taking my last farewell of a man whom I could not have loved more if he had been my own son twice over.

"Good by, my boy," I said, "I hope that we shall meet again, wherever it is that we go to."

The fact was I did not expect to live another two minutes.

Next I retreated to the far side of the rock, and waited till one of the chopping gusts of wind got behind me, and then commending my soul to God, I ran the length of the huge stone, some three or four and thirty feet, and sprung wildly out into the dizzy air. Oh! the sickening terrors that I felt as I launched myself at that little point of rock, and the horrible sense of despair that shot through my brain as I realized that I had jumped short. But so it was, my feet never touched the point, they went down into space, only my hands and body came in contact with it. I gripped at it with a yell, but one hand slipped and I swung right round, holding by the other, so that I faced the stone from which I had sprung. Wildly I stretched up with my left hand, and this time managed to grasp a knob of rock, and there I hung in the fierce red light, with thousands of feet of empty air beneath me. My hands were holding to either side of the under part of the spur, so that its point was touching my head. Therefore even if I could have found the strength I could not pull myself up. The most that I could do would be to hang for about a minute and then drop down, down into the bottomless pit. If any man can imagine a more hideous position, let him speak. I felt the spur above me shake beneath the shock of his impact, and as it did so I saw the huge rocking stone that had been violently depressed by him as he sprung, fly back when relieved of his weight till for the first time during all these centuries, it got beyond its balance, and fell with a most awful crash right into the rocky chamber which had once served the philosopher Noot for a hermitage, as I have no doubt, forever hermetically sealing the passage that leads to the place of life with some hundreds of tons of rock.

All this happened in a second, and, curiously enough, notwithstanding my terrible position, I noted it all involuntarily, as it were. I even remember thinking that no human being would go down that dread path again.

Next instant I felt Leo seize me by the right wrist with both hands. By lying flat upon his stomach on the point of rock he could just reach me.

"You must let go and swing yourself clear," he said, in a calm and collected voice, "and then I will try and pull you up, or we will both go together. Are you ready?"

By way of answer I let go, first with my left hand and then with the right, and swayed out as a consequence clear of the overshadowing rock, my weight hanging upon Leo's arms. It was a dreadful moment. He was a very powerful man, I knew, but would his strength be equal to lifting me up till I could get a hold on the top of the spur, when owing to his position he had so little purchase?

For a few seconds I swung to and fro, while he gathered himself for the effort, and then I heard his sinews cracking above me, and felt myself lifted up as though I were a little child, till I got my left arm around the rock, and my chest was resting on it. The rest was easy, in two or three more seconds I was up, and we were lying panting side by side, trembling like leaves, and with the cold perspiration of terror pouring from our skins.

And then, as before, the light went out like a lamp.

For some half hour we lay thus without speaking a word, and then at length we began to creep along the great spur as best we might in the dense gloom. As we got toward the face of the cliff, however, from which the spur sprung out like a spike from a wall, the light increased, though only a very little, for it was night overhead.

We were even without a drop of water to stay our thirst, for we had drunk the last in the chamber of Noot. How were we to see to make our way through this last bowlder strewn tunnel?

Clearly all that we could do was to trust to our sense of feeling and attempt the passage in the dark, so in we crept, fearing that if we delayed to do so our exhaustion would overcome us, and we should probably lie down and die where we were.

Oh, the horrors of that last tunnel! The place was strewn with rocks, and we fell over them and knocked ourselves up against them till we were bleeding from a score of wounds. Our only guide was the side of the cavern, which we kept touching, and so bewildered did we grow in the darkness that we were several times seized with the terrifying thought that we had turned and were traveling the wrong way. On we went, feebly, and still more feebly, for hour after hour, stopping every few minutes to rest, for our strength was spent. Once we fell asleep, and, I think, must have slept for some hours, for, when we woke, our limbs were quite stiff and the blood from our blows and scratches had caked and was hard and dry upon our skin. Then we dragged ourselves on again, till at last, when despair was entering into our hearts, we once more beheld the light of the day and found ourselves outside the tunnel in the rocky fold on the outer surface of the cliff that, it will be remembered, led into it.

It was early morning. It had taken us the entire night to crawl through that dreadful place.

"One more effort, Leo," I gasped, "and we shall reach the slope where Billali is, if he hasn't gone. Come, don't give way," for he had cast himself upon his face. He got up, and, leaning on each other, we got down that fifty feet or so of cliff—somehow—I have not the least notion how. I only remember that we found ourselves lying in a heap at the bottom, and then once more began to drag ourselves along on our hands and knees toward the grove where She had told Billali to wait her rearrival, for we could not walk another foot. We had not gone fifty yards in this fashion, when suddenly one of the mutes emerged from some trees on our left, through which, I presume, he had been taking a morning stroll, and came running up to see what sort of strange animals we were. He stared, and stared, and then held up his hands in horror and nearly fell to the ground. Next he started off as hard as he could for the grove, some 200 yards away. No wonder that he was horrified at our appearance, for we must have been a shocking sight. To begin, Leo, with his golden curls turned a snowy white, his clothes nearly rent from his body, his worn face and his hands a mass of bruises, cuts and blood-incrusted filth—was a sufficiently alarming spectacle as he painfully dragged himself along the ground, and I have no doubt that I was little better. I know that two days afterward, when I looked at my face in some water, I scarcely knew myself. I have never been famous for beauty.

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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All communications should be addressed to
L. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., July 15, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE, Philadelphia, June 4, 1887.

The Republican State Convention will be held in the Opera House, at Harrisburg on the third Wednesday of August, the 17th, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for State Treasurer and Judge of the Supreme Court, and for the transaction of other business.

The attention of Republicans throughout the State is respectfully directed to the following permanent rules for the holding of State conventions and the conduct of the party.

First. That delegates to the State Convention shall be chosen in the manner in which candidates for the General Assembly are nominated.

Second. Hereafter the State Conventions of the Republican party shall be held not earlier than the third Wednesday of August, except in the year of the Presidential election, when it shall be held not more than thirty days previous to the day fixed for the National Convention; and except in Gubernatorial years at least sixty days' notice shall be given of the date of the State Convention.

Third. That we recommend to the county organizations that in their rules they allow the largest freedom in the general participation in the primaries consistent with the preservation of the party organization.

The State Convention of June 29, 1881, having established senatorial representation, delegates to the approaching State Convention will be chosen according to the number of Representatives in the Legislature to which each county is entitled under the Reapportionment passed at the recent session of the Legislature.

THOMAS V. COOPER, Chairman.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Republican County Convention will be held in the Court House at Smethport, on TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1887, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing two delegates to attend the State Convention, called for August 17, 1887, at Harrisburg.

The delegates will be elected at the regular polling places in each election district on Saturday, August 6, 1887, between the hours of 7 and [illegible] o'clock p. m., except as follows: In Otto township, at Duke Center, and Foster township the polls will be opened at [illegible] o'clock p. m. and remain open for at least three hours. In Corydon and Hamilton townships the [illegible] will be open at 3 o'clock p. m. and remain open two hours. In Lafayette township the [illegible] will be held at the [illegible] house at Lafayette Corners.

W. F. BURDICK, Chairman.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Candidates who desire their announcements published in the Miner must pay for the same in advance to secure their insertion.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of District Attorney subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.
[illegible]

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.
P. M. FULLER.

We are authorized to announce R. A. RICE, of Eldred, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

"If Mr Blaine is the presidential nominee in 1888 he will carry this State by 12,000 majority," is the opinion the Denver *Republican* has of Colorado's attitude.

SUPPOSE Andrew Jackson, while President, had accepted an invitation to go somewhere. How many threats of insult would it have taken to scare him from his purpose? New York *World*.

SPEAKING of Blaine, Gladstone, the grand old man, of England, says: "He is one of the most marked individualities I ever met." That's just what the masses of America think of him.

As for Mr. Cleveland's alleged overpowering desire to contribute to the harmony of the G. A. R. reunion by staying away therefrom, we need only say that Mr. Cleveland's absence from any such gathering would be his best service to the cause of harmony. New York *Mail and Express*.

OSCAR HARVEY, a prominent official in the Treasury Department at Washington and who was appointed at the instance of Sam Randall, turns out to be a thief. His stealings from the Treasury to date, amount to $11,700. The sum total is liable to be found very much greater in the near future.

CHAIRMAN BURDICK has called a Republican County Convention to meet at the Court House in this place on Tuesday, Aug. 9th, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention. He has wisely determined to postpone the Convention to nominate a County ticket until the latter part of September.

IN SPEAKING of the letter of the President in declining to visit St. Louis on the occasion of the Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., the Troy *Times* says: "His prating about protecting the dignity of his high office by remaining away from a gathering of men who risked life and limb to defend the Government is the veriest balderdash."

THERE is something extremely unpleasant in the fact that the President of the United States should prefer to mention such idle and absurd threats of personal violence as may have been made against him, even if they had not determined his refusal to go to St. Louis. The best way to treat them would have been by absolute silence. - New York *Sun*.

CAPT. P M FULLER, of Bradford, announces in this column that he will be a candidate for County Commissioner before the Republican County Convention, which will meet in September. Capt. Fuller is one of the oldest residents of Bradford, and is universally popular, not only in that city, but throughout the county. Like Lieut. Rice, he has an army record which would prove of much service in case he should be the nominee of the Convention.

GROVER CLEVELAND has written a letter to the Citizen's Committee of St. Louis, withdrawing his acceptance to visit that city at the time of the Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., in September next. He pretends to fear personal violence from members of that organization because of his conduct towards them for the past few years. He knows that his presence there on that occasion would be repulsive to large numbers of the veterans assembled but it is ridiculous for him to pretend that he would be treated in any other way than with "silent contempt." He deserves to be thus treated and the Grand Army men are too gentlemanly to treat him in any other way.

SALE OF THE B., N. Y. & P. RAILROAD

About fourteen years ago a railroad was built from Buffalo to Emporium principally by Buffalo capitalists, the city taking a large amount of the stock, and was called the Buffalo and Washington Railroad. About twelve years ago a road was built from Larabee to Clermont in this county for the purpose of developing a coal property owned by the Buffalo Coal Company, members of that company being interested in the B. & W. railroad. Two or three years after the Olean, Bradford and Warren and Kendall and Eldred narrow-gauge roads were built, the first running from Olean to Bradford and from there to Kinzua on the Allegheny river and the other running from Eldred to Kendall borough, and there connecting with the O., B. & W. Subsequently the name of the main line was changed from Buffalo and Washington to Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia. The road did a magnificent business from the start, and there never was a time in its history, even in the dullest seasons, that it did not pay expenses. It opened up one of the finest timber regions of the State and simultaneous with its completion it became a large coal and oil carrier. The New York railroad grabbers soon discovered what a plum there was up in this country for the basis of a big deal and they commenced fishing for it. The story is briefly told. In a short time they had possession of the main line, the Clermont branch and the narrow gauges, and if they had stopped right there they would have had an invaluable railroad property. The next move was the issue of some eleven million dollars of bonds with which they purchased the Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Western Railroad, and what is now the Rochester branch formerly known as the Genesee Valley Canal Railroad. This latter road was built principally on the berm bank of an abandoned canal and cost but little. But a big sum was paid for it when it passed into the hands of the syndicate. The Buffalo Pittsburgh and Western was made up of a conglomeration of nearly all the played out railroads ever built through the lower oil country. In order to connect with the B., N. Y. & P. system it was necessary to build a road from Irvineton Warren county up the Allegheny river to Olean, N. Y. From Irvineton it ran to Oil City over the old Warren and Franklin, from Oil City to Corry it embraced the Oil Creek Railroad. It also took in the Pittsburgh, Titusville and Buffalo and the Union and Titusville roads. All the roads embraced in this combination including the Rochester branch proved dead weights for the B. N. Y. & P. to carry. It is a well known fact that the river division of the road has never paid much more than its expenses and much of the time not even that. It was only a question of time when the whole system must be sold to satisfy the claims of its creditors and that time has finally come. The Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Buffalo papers are now advertising the sale of these several franchises, which will take place at the Court House, in the city of Pittsburgh, on the 15th day of September next at 12 o'clock noon. It is to be hoped that the Pennsylvania or some other progressive railroad organization will secure the original B., N. Y. & P. road with its Clermont branch.

AFTER careful and mature investigation by competent engineers and mineralogists, the purpose of piping natural gas from Findlay, Ohio, to Cincinnati and other places has been abandoned as impracticable. The conclusion is that the gas cannot be piped long distances on account of the loss of pressure. Five pounds of the pressure is lost in every mile of pipe. It is stated by the Ohio investigators that the attempt to pipe gas to Buffalo from Pennsylvania is practically a failure; that the pressure at that city is only a few pounds; that the charge for gas to customers is so high that the city has not been benefitted by the attempt, gas being not available to manufacturers and to only a limited extent for domestic purposes. It is asserted on the same authority that at Erie the case is not much better. After spending much time and money Cleveland has abandoned the expectation of obtaining natural gas, either by drilling or piping.

AN esteemed subscriber considers Dr McGlynn's insubordination as "costly notoriety," and adds: "At the expense of moral and social ostricism Dr McGlynn has achieved great notoriety, and hereafter will figure as high corporal, under Henry George. The grand old Church of Rome can easily dispense with all its obstreperous members, and ten years from to-day George, McGlynn, Most and the rest of the communistic blatherskites will be buried in rank oblivion. In any land, beneath any sky, Dr. McGlynn will be avoided and stigmatized as a mountebank."

THE State of Connecticut wanted to borrow $1,000,000 the other day and advertised for bids for that amount of bonds, bearing interest at the rate of three and one half per cent and payable in ten years or sooner at the option of the State. The bids received amounted in the aggregate to more than $7,000,000. This proves either that Connecticut enjoys an exceptionally high credit or that there is a vast amount of unemployed capital in the country seeking investment.

MRS. MARIA HALPIN, whose relations with Mr Cleveland, in Buffalo, were widely published during the Presidential campaign of 1884, has just been married to a carpenter. His name is Albert Secord, aged 65 years, has grey hair and was said to be Mrs. Halpin's uncle during the campaign referred to, but in reality is an uncle of her former husband. Mrs. Secord is about 30 years her husband's junior.

IT has been charged that the Toliver desperadoes of Rowan county, Ky., are Republicans. Of course the assertion is a weak invention of the enemy. There are not so many Republicans in the State.—Norristown *Herald*.

AN engineer on the Illinois Central Railroad pronounced a bridge safe just fifteen minutes before it fell of its own weight. There is a dim suspicion that the engineer was mistaken.—Pittsburg *Telegraph*.

CLAY'S "BURCHARD" INCIDENT.

It is profoundly believed by many that the little incident known as the Burchard blunder defeated Blaine for the presidency, and it is an historical fact that Clay was defeated by an incident that seemed to be of still less significance. Schurz, in his life of Clay, just published, relates the latter incident thus:

"It was in the town of Richmond, Ind., that an incident occurred the significance of which was scarcely understood by Clay. While he was addressing an enthusiastic Whig gathering, a Quaker by the name of Mendenhall presented to him a petition, bearing many signatures, in which Henry Clay was respectfully requested to emancipate his slaves. Clay's address was a masterpiece of oratorical skill. He characterized the presentation of the petition as a breach of hospitality and then he took Mendenhall generously under his protection against the indignant cries of the crowd. He declared slavery to be a great evil; he wished every slave in the United States were in Africa; if slavery did not exist here he would oppose its introduction with all his might. But slavery existing, how could it be dealt with? The only safe method was gradual emancipation, and that had been postponed half a century by the abolitionists. As to himself should he emancipate his slaves forthwith? There were those among them whom age and infirmity made a heavy charge upon him. Should he turn them and the infants upon the cold charities of the world? There were those who would not leave him; should he drive them away? He recommended to Mr Mendenhall the benevolent example of other Quakers who while in principles firmly opposed to slavery, would not resort to revolution and disunion. They were not monomaniacs, but knew that they had duties to perform toward the white man as well as the black. Finally he put to Mr Mendenhall a practical question: If he (Clay) liberated his fifty slaves, worth $15,000, would Mr Mendenhall and his friends contribute an equal sum to take care of the slaves after their liberation? Then he dismissed him thus: 'Dry up the tears of the afflicted widows around you; console and comfort the helpless orphans; clothe the naked and feed and help the poor, black and white, who need succor, and you will be a better and wiser man than you have this day shown yourself.' The assembled multitude was lost in admiration; poor Mendenhall withdrew discomfited and laughed at. Clay's speech was triumphantly published in the newspapers all over the country. But many thousand of Mendenhalls were to rise up in the campaign of 1844, and it was the cause represented by that humble Quaker that was to prove the fatal stumbling block of the great orator's highest ambition."

EXCOMMUNICATED.

The following is the official decree of excommunication issued by the Pope against Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York:

[illegible]

Be it known that on the fourth day of May, 1887, the sacred congregation of the propaganda admonished Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, rector of St Stephen's church in this city, that he had already rendered himself liable to ecclesiastical censure by disobeying the positive command of the sovereign pontiff, given January 17. Wishing however to deal leniently with him the sacred congregation refrained from inflicting censure and offering him further opportunity to be heard in his own behalf gave him a final and peremptory order to present himself in Rome within forty days from the receipt of the letter containing such order, under pain of excommunication to be incurred *ipso facto et nominatim*. This letter was duly delivered to Rev. Dr. McGlynn and as he allowed the days of grace to pass unheeded it became our sad duty to notify him that he had incurred by his own act this penalty of excommunication by name whereby he is cut off from the communion of the church, from its sacraments and participation in its prayers, and should he persevere in his contumacy deprived of the right after death to Christian burial. It has become also our duty to declare to the clergy and laity of our charge, which we do by these letters, that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn is excommunicated nominatim with all the penalty attached to this censure by the canons of the church.

Signed, MICHAEL AUGUSTINE, Archbishop of New York.
C. E. McDONNELL, Secretary.
New York, July 8, 1887.

THE story of Ireland is best told by the following figures furnished by Mulhall, one of the most reliable statisticians of the day. He says that during Victoria's reign there have died of starvation in Ireland 1,225,000 people; there have been evicted for nonpayment of rent [illegible], and there have emigrated [illegible].

MT. JEWETT.

Mt Jewett is another of the booming towns of McKean county.

The large tannery which has been recently built by O. B. Mosser & Co. is now nearly ready for business.

The basket factory, which is run by Messrs. Davis & Reese, employs about twenty persons and turns out 2,000 grape baskets each day.

The town of Mt. Jewett is growing rapidly. It is estimated that there are not less than 500 people within a radius of a mile from Brewer's Hotel, two-thirds of whom are Swedes.

There is a saw, planing and shingle mill there, five dry goods and grocery stores, a fine school house and one of the best hotels in this part of the State, the Brewer House. Ed Long, of Kane, has just purchased a lot adjoining M J Gallup's store on which he will commence at once the erection of an Opera House.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, which has just been completed at Mt. Jewett, was dedicated on Sunday last. Rev. Alfson preached the dedicatory sermon and was assisted in the service by Mr. M. Nordstrom, who is studying for the ministry. Services commenced at 10 a. m. and continued until 2 p. m. There were 13 children confirmed, and there were fully 500 people present during the services. The seats have not yet been procured. The rest of the edifice will be about $2500. The communicants number 81.

Their Business Booming

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at A. B. Armstrong's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's new discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Smethport Tannery Question.

In order to make room for all the tanneries that will build in Smethport this season, I will sell watches, clocks and jewelry at your own prices, and silverware thrown in as *chromos*. Spring styles just received. The finest assortment of jewelry in Northern Pennsylvania. Two hundred watches to select from. One hundred clock, $1.00 to $10.00. Also bicycles, tricycles, baby carriages, &c., &c. Call and see us.

E. L. ARMSTRONG.

A Hand-Made Single Harness for $8

And up, at Gleason & Lemmler's. Call early and secure a bargain.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE JULY COSMOPOLITAN.

The July *Cosmopolitan* is the first number of this remarkably successful magazine published in New York City. Since its removal from Rochester, it has been greatly enlarged and improved in every way. Its handsome cover, designed by Stanford White, is certain to attract attention. Its beautiful illustrations and great variety of interesting and valuable articles by prominent writers make it the best and cheapest magazine published. It opens with a handsomely illustrated article by Louise Chandler Moulton, entitled "A Lazy Tour in Spain." The frontispiece, "In a Madrid Cafe," engraved by Velten, is beautiful. "Monte Carlo: Its Games and Gamesters," by Charles C. Welman, is another handsomely illustrated article that is certain to attract attention being a full and picturesque description of the most famous gambling resort in the world. E. W. Kemble's illustrations accompanying Mrs. Angelina Teal's story, "A Hoosier Capulet," are full of quaint humor. The fac simile signatures accompanying Frank G. Carpenter's article on "Royal Signatures" possess much interest. E. P. Roe's article on "My First Novel," giving an account of how he came to write "Barriers Burned Away," will be read by thousands of admirers of this popular writer. "How to Live a Hundred Years," by Richard A. Proctor, demonstrates the fact that three score and ten is not the natural limit of human life. Joel Benton's "Reminiscences of Horace Greeley," with a fine portrait by Jacques Reich, is valuable and interesting. George Parsons Lathrop's "Two Sides of a Story" is the best short story that he ever wrote, while the "Tamara of St. Petersburg" is a powerful Russian story. The "Young Folks" department contains several articles of interest to the younger members of the family.

The July number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains the first of a series of articles by Dr. D. A. Sargent on the "Physical Proportions of the Typical Man." In this essay Dr. Sargent points out a tendency of the times to be dissatisfied with anything short of extraordinary excellence in athletic sports. This tendency unless checked cannot fail to be injurious in its effect. If a young man cannot row, run or play cricket or base ball with almost professional skill, the tendency in his own mind and in the minds of others is to discourage him from improving his physical well being by regular exercise. The result of this is a specialization of functions even among those who are exceptionally strong and skillful and a young man because he is a good oarsman will set himself to the cultivation of the muscles needed for excellence in this respect, utterly ignoring the fact that unless he intends to become a professional rower it would be in every way better for his future well being for him to develop those parts of his body in which he is weakest rather than those in which he is strongest. In a word, Dr. Sargent's argument is that physical exercise should be devoted to the building up of a thoroughly well proportioned body and that consequently young men should particularly turn their attention to those forms of athletics in which in consequence of physical weakness they are least likely to excel.

[illegible]

[illegible] When travelling in India he was surrounded with social customs [illegible] wine and the [illegible] are hard drinkers [illegible] for Grant to accept the invitations he received. To be courteous he not infrequently accepted invitations to half a dozen tiffins on the same day, at each one of which he would remain a few moments until the last one had been reached. At all these gatherings wines and liquors were freely used. He became so thoroughly disgusted with the custom that on his return to his hotel he said to his wife: "Julia, I do not intend to take another glass of wine to please anybody." That was in 1878 and from that time forward to Mount McGregor his temperance habits [illegible]

From Calcutta he went to Burmah. The reception committee furnished large baskets of champagne and liquors. These were subject to Grant's orders. To the disappointment and disgust of the committee the baskets were not opened. Surprise was expressed, but Grant simply said: "Gentlemen, I do not wish anything to drink," and the baskets were returned unopened to Calcutta. I received accounts of this incident from General Litchfield, late consul general to India, and from Mrs Grant.

After Grant reached California his old friends were the witnesses of this new proof of his personal decision. While in the City of Mexico his enthusiastic admirers invited him to what is called a wine dinner. Bishop Harris was present and he informed me that General Grant deliberately turned his glass upside down. *Rev. Dr. John P. Newman* [illegible]

JOHN ADAMS AT HOME.

The venerable historian George Bancroft contributes to the July *Century* some personal reminiscences which are accompanied by full page portraits of John Adams and Oliver Ellsworth. We quote as follows concerning his visit in 1818 to the second President of the United States: "We arrived early in the afternoon. The venerable ex-President received us cordially in the parlor of his homestead at Quincy, and so did the wife of his youth, the accomplished woman now known to the world by the publication of two volumes of her own letters and two more of letters which she received from her husband. Several younger persons, seemingly their grandchildren, came in and went out as occasion served, and it was plain that the aged man was thoroughly well ministered to by youthful attendants whose whole demeanor was marked by reverence and affection. A more respectable or a more lovely family group, of which the head is an octogenarian, can hardly be conceived of.

"Presently the tea table was spread in the middle of the room, and my friend and I sat down with the family. It was indeed a great privilege for one just out of college to sit at table with the venerated man under whose colossal courage and inspiring eloquence the men of the Congress of 1776, who had not the gift of speaking in public, confidently sheltered themselves. He did not look younger than the record of his birth indicated, but he was hale and vigorous, and as I sat near him I could not but notice that he carried his full cup of tea to his lips as safely as any one around him, without spilling a drop from tremor. The table was spread with the neatness and simplicity that prevailed at that day in New England homes. Could a foreigner have looked in and seen the second President of the United States at his sufficient but simple and unostentatious meal, the central figure in the group of his own family, it must have been confessed that his manner of life presented a perfect pattern for a republican chief magistrate in retirement."

THE HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

The Historical Journal for August is an unusually interesting and valuable number. Its leading feature is a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Governor John Andrew Schultze, including a history of the purchase of the large farm at Montoursville, which led to his financial ruin. This is followed with the journal of John Hamilton, of Clinton county, who made a voyage in a canal boat from Pine Creek to Philadelphia via Union canal, in 1830. The daily incidents of the journey are given in a racy and piquant style. Edith C. Baily contributes a charming article on "Local History—Its Interest and Importance." The story of a prolific family that emigrated from Greene county to Ohio in 1810 is one of the odd features of the monthly, which is followed with an article on curious grave stone inscriptions. Some valuable information is given of Huntingdon in early times, and the long ownership of the homestead occupied by Hon. J. Simpson Africa is shown. Old time furnaces in Butler county and the first mail to Franklin make interesting paragraphs. A letter from Secretary Bayard shows that old Henry Harris, of Muncy, did not purchase his freedom, as he claimed. The department of old persons living is quite full, as well as that of aged deceased. An account of the centennial anniversary of a Washington county lady carries the reader back to pioneer days. Although but four months old, *The Historical Journal* has reached a good circulation and is rapidly gaining in popularity among those who wish to see our local history preserved. It is printed on heavy paper, in magazine form, and 12 numbers will make a magnificent illustrated bound volume of over 400 pages. Send $2 to John F. Meginnis, the publisher, at Williamsport, and secure it at once for a year. Back numbers still supplied.

Drafts on Any Bank in Europe,

and tickets to and from any place in the old world sold at the lowest possible rates by J. O. Sonbergh, Clermont, Pa., Agent for C. B. Richard & Co., Bankers, 61 Broadway, N. Y. no26tf

Canary Birds.

Four handsome Canary birds, beautiful singers and all of rare breed, for sale at only $1.50 each. Inquire at this office.

The Dark Ages

Are certainly over when one considers how cheap windows are selling. Inquire at the Smethport Sash Factory.

ITEMS FROM KANE.

Kane is to have a circus. Nothing is too good for us.

Quite a number of guests have arrived at the Thompson House and more are coming this week.

T. G. Griffith, of Ebensburg, the father of J. T. & W. Griffith of this place, is visiting Kane at present.

Mrs. Susie Kinkead and Mrs. Frank P. Goodman and son, of Baltimore, are visiting A. V. Jones and family.

Miss Addie Loomis, of Union City, formerly of this place, has been engaged as teacher by the Wetmore township school board.

Martin Sweeney is now engaged as clerk at the Thompson House. His past record is sufficient guarantee that the duties of that office will be well performed.

Mr. Archie Phillips, who has been clerking for J. T. & W. Griffith for some time, has resigned his position there and expects to go into the meat business at Mt Jewett.

O. G. Kelts' large English mastiff had a leg broken one day last week by having a wagon driven over it. The leg was set and will undoubtedly come out all right.

And now we are to have some iron works in Kane. A Rochester firm has decided to put up shops for the manufacture of boilers, iron pipe, bolts, nuts, &c. They were given two acres of ground, gas for fuel and lights for three years, lumber for their buildings and the council will probably grant them exemption from borough taxes for a term of years at their next meeting. There is also talk of a soap factory locating here. Those prophets who relegated Kane to oblivion have again made a mistake, for Kane's future never looked brighter.

Our Fourth passed off without any disturbance of any kind, and the crowd was the largest we have ever had in town. Our base ball club demonstrated to the crowd in general and to the Tioga club in particular that they could play ball. The score stood 14 to 5 in favor of the Kane club. The trotting race was won by H. H. Corson, the foot race by Geo. Thatcher, the sack race by Dan Mathews and the wheelbarrow race by Robert Lafferty. The Kane Cornet Band gave a ball in the evening at Griffith Opera House, which was [illegible] successfully, but did not replenish the treasury of the band to any great extent, as the boys paid sixty dollars for music and the other expenses were quite large. The [illegible] Workers of the Presbyterian church served meals all day in a building erected on Main street for that purpose. They cleared about one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Kane, July 11.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

The Verdict Unanimous

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One case took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, O., affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at A. B. Armstrong's drug store.

CLERMONT CHATTINGS.

J. O. Sonbergh and family visited Olean on Saturday, the 2d inst.

J. W. Steinhauer spent his Fourth at Eldred and reports having had a good time.

Mr C. L. Cushing, of Bradford, and Prof. James Cushing, of Tioga county, spent Sunday the 3d inst., with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keating.

Mrs. Jno Amend, of Wilcox, spent a few days last week with the family of Jacob Amend, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Steinhauer spent a few days last week with friends and relatives in Farmers Valley.

Mr. Jno Peterson from Dagus Mines, spent his Fourth in this place, the guest of Mr and Mrs J. W. Anderson.

Our esteemed friend Patrick Guyner, Jr., from Jefferson county, spent a few days last week with his parents.

J. H. Desmond and J. O. Sonbergh, two knights of the quill, spent the Fourth in town, and both were as sober as deacons throughout the day.

Conductor A. D. Nichols, of the Clermont branch, one of the most gentlemanly and efficient officers of any railroad in this section of the State, did a greater amount of work last week than any one man should be required to do. He not only did his work on this line but made four or five extra trips to Olean. The B., N. Y. & P. R. R. Co. ought not to exact three men's work from one man, and probably would not excepting in an emergency.

Rev. J. H. McCandless preached here in the Union church on Sunday, the 3d inst. At the close of the service a collection was taken up to defray his expenses in coming here. After the collection was made Mr. McCandless requested Mr. Samuel Bedford to take charge of the money and present the same to the family of Wm. Weidel, which act of generosity Mr. Bedford was very happy to carry out.

DOOLEY DOOLE.
Clermont, July 11, 1887.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Physicians heartily endorse the use of Speer's celebrated Port Grape Wine for the use of debilitated females. It is not an intoxicant, and is absolutely pure, being made from grapes grown at Mr. Speer's Mount Prospect Vineyards, Passaic, N. J., from vines imported from the Port wine districts of Portugal. For sale by druggists.

No lady should live in perpetual fear, and suffer from the more serious troubles that so often appear when Dr. Kilmer's Complete Female Remedy is certain to prevent and cure Tumor and Cancer there.

Blooded Cattle.

Dominion Short Horns and Jersey Cattle bred and for sale. Stock will recommend itself. Dr. W. L. CHRISMAN, Eldred, Pa. vol24no20tf.

Light on Masonry.

It is so strange that so many walls and ceilings should remain in darkness when windows are so cheap at the Smethport Sash Factory. no24t3.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free with every pound. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by F. C. Olds, Farmers Valley.

Now is the time to subscribe for the MINER. All of the county news for a whole year for only $1.50.

NORWICH NOTES.

Very warm and dry.

Haying and bark peeling are in full blast.

J. Colegrove is able to walk about quite comfortably on crutches.

Mrs. J. C. Dennison is in Bradford with her daughter, Mattie.

Mrs. C. H. Mitchelmore has a class in painting at Bartlett's hall.

C. A. Anderson has the foundation built for another addition to his already commodious store.

Paul Wendell, of Olean, was making calls on the creek yesterday. His old friends and neighbors are always glad to see him.

Miss Gracie Simpson, of Crawford county has just gone home from a visit to Mrs. J. C. McDowell and Mrs. D. P. Smith.

Ira Burdick's many friends will be glad to learn that the tumor, or what ever it was on his face, is, at last, nearly healed.

The people here are sorry to learn that Miss Belle Howard, who was for some time a resident of Colegrove and had many friends in that place, is lying dangerously ill at her home near Smith's Mills, N. Y.

Aaron Helmann had a new arrival yesterday afternoon that did not come from Sweden. It is boy.

Carl Sasse, of Smethport, who, with his brother in law, is at work here painting and decorating the house formerly occupied by Paul Wendell, received an invitation yesterday, to attend Prof. McGowan's wedding at Fredonia, N. Y., which is to take place on the morning of the 11th.

C. W. H.
Norwich, July 11.

TRUNKS and valises as cheap as can be got anywhere, at Gleason & Lemmler's. A complete stock to select from.

NEW lot of ladies' fine shoes in all widths and sizes just received at D. C. Young's. Every pair guaranteed.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH's celebrated Globe Baking Powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by G. W. Williams, Smethport, Pa.

For Thirty Dollars

You can secure a hand-made double harness at Gleason & Lemmler's. For a little more money you can get a better one. Don't fail to call and see stock.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Executor's Notice.

WHEREAS, letters testamentary to the estate of Henry Herring, late of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscribers, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same, without delay, to

JNO. C. HAMLIN, GEO. W. WILLIAMS, Executors.
Smethport, Pa., July 11th, 1887.

Auditor's Report.

M. J. Armstrong, Treasurer, of Smethport Borough, in account with Borough Funds, 1887.

	Dr.	
By cash from F. F. Knapp, collector,		[illegible]
By cash from Co. Commissioners		[illegible]
By cash from Justice [illegible] fines		[illegible]
By cash from Burgess [illegible] licenses		[illegible]
By cash from [illegible] school [illegible]		[illegible]
	Cr.	
[illegible] orders [illegible]		[illegible]
Treasurer's [illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]
	$2,111 [illegible]	$2,11[illegible]

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

	Dr.	
Due from Col. Knapp		167 97
" " Treasurer Armstrong		31 41
Liabilities over assets		1,322 [illegible]
	Cr.	
Outstanding Bonds	1,500 00	
" orders	[illegible]	
	$1,[illegible]	$1,[illegible]

And now, July [illegible] 1887, having examined the accounts and vouchers pertaining to this fund we find the balance as above set forth.

FRANK R. FOSTER, [illegible], Auditors.
Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1887.

For Sale.

A LOT of two hundred acres in the south east corner of Warrant 2867, Norwich township. The land is well wooded and there is good surface indications for oil being found. It would also make good farming land, being very convenient to railroad station. For further particulars apply to W. J. Colegrove, Smethport, Pa., or H. M. Rumsey, Salem, New Jersey.
Smethport, Pa., June 9, 1887—3m

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A. T. PALMER

(Successor to G. R. & C. H. Moore,)

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables!

AMPLE STABLE ROOM FOR 50 HORSES

First class and reliable Double or Single Rigs and Saddle Horses.

Team work of every description done promptly.

We extend to the public every facility for the prompt and economical transaction of all business they may favor us with.

Office at Water street Barn, near Court House.
A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., July 2, 1885.

E. B. McCOY

Druggist & Pharmacist

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

J. W. PIKE,

TONSORIAL ARTIST!

Special attention given to cutting Ladies' Bangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.

Hair Tonic and Dandruff Cures for sale.

Shop one door east of Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. vol23no35.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

NEW GOODS

AT

D. C. YOUNG'S

Great Bargains For Cash!

OUT-OF-TOWN PRICES

Discounted!

LARGE LINE

OF

CLOTHING

AND

Men's Furnishing Goods

$5,000 WORTH!

OF

Boots & Shoes.

Best Line of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes

In the Market.

The Celebrated

LESTER & CO.

BINGHAMTON BOOTS.

Fine Line of

A No. 1 Groceries.

Good Tea, as Low as 30 Cents.

Good Flour at $1.00 per Sack,

AND UPWARDS.

Goods delivered in town when desired.
Smethport, Nov. 10, '86. tf.

Prof. DILL'S

BALM

—OF—

LIFE!

THE GRAND REMEDY

—FOR—

CRAMPS,

Cholera Infantum,

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

Soreness, Swellings,

AND ALL PAINS.

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED.

Our little boy of two years of age was supposed to be beyond relief with cholera infantum, lay in an unconscious state, when simply to ease him we used Prof. Dill's Balm of Life. It strengthened him so he began to recover. We continued its use a few days and he was well. We prize it highly also for cramps and many pains.
T. HAMMER, Reading, Pa.

100 Doses in Each Fifty Cent Bottle

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
vol23no17y1.

DRUGS

PATENT MEDICINES,

School Books, Blank Books.

STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT

THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

W. H. PICARD, Jr.

SMETHPORT, PA.,

—IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF—



White Face Black Spanish,

from the most noted English strains. The White Face Black Spanish are non-setters, and are the champion egg producers.

—ALSO DEALER IN—

Plymouth Rocks.

Orders now received for Eggs for Hatching.

Send for prices and description of birds.
W. H. PICARD, Jr., Smethport, Pa.
April 8, 1887.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S Academy,

For Young Men & Boys, Media, Pa.

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 vols. added to Library in 1883. Physical apparatus doubled in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Penn'a. 30—1y.

Desirable Hotel Property

FOR SALE.

THE long established and favorably known Bergstresser House, corner of Franklin and Main streets, Smethport, Pa., is offered for sale on terms which will be made satisfactory to the purchaser. It is a roomy three-story structure, fitted up with all modern improvements and conveniences and is a business opportunity which is not often met with. Anyone desiring to engage in the business of hotel keeping, will consult his interest by addressing the proprietress,

MRS. M. E. BERGSTRESSER,
Smethport, Pa., April 1st, 1886. tf

Here We Are!

We are now prepared to do all kinds

—OF—

House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, &C.,

Paper Hanging,

Kalsomining,

Frescoing and

INTERIOR DECORATIVE WORK!

Good Work and Low Prices

is our motto.

Trusting that we will be favored with a good share of the patronage, we remain, respectfully yours,

Olmstead & Beman.

Smethport, May 6, 1887.-tf.

T. H. PURTLE

Takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends in Smethport and vicinity that he can be found at the old stand of Kruger & Purtle's, on Water street, where he is prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

in all its branches on scientific principles. I am confident of my ability to give satisfaction in this line of business in every instance.

General -:- Blacksmithing

Done with neatness and despatch.

While soliciting a liberal share of the public patronage, my aim at all times will be to please my customers.

T. H. PURTLE.
Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1887.-y1.

Salesmen Wanted.

WE are in want of a few more good men to canvass for the sale of choice Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success we pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which others do not handle. Address at once with reference.
MAY BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.
Novlm4

McKean County Miner

[illegible] TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] paper shows the time to [illegible] of your paper changed, [illegible] as well as the new one. [illegible] paper stopped, pay arrearages [illegible] will continue liable if the [illegible] whether you take it from [illegible]

[illegible] paper regularly let us [illegible] man's paper every week, [illegible] the mails when not re[illegible]

Smethport, Pa., July 15, 1887

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

[illegible]

—This was Orangemen's day.

—[illegible] local on second page.

—[illegible] your trout pole after to-day.

—Niagara Falls excursion season [illegible] at hand.

—[illegible] Hook's new residence on Bank [illegible] enclosed.

—[illegible] Everitt has just painted his residence on King street.

—The drouth has been hard on the potato crop in this section.

—There are ninety boarders at the County poor house.

—The last chapters of "She" are published in to-day's MINER.

—[illegible] has treated the roof of [illegible] a coat of paint.

—Hon. J. W. Lee and wife are mourning the loss of their infant son.

—A large quantity of hay has been cut [illegible] during the past week.

—[illegible] contributed about $1,200 to [illegible] relief of the Clarendon sufferers.

—The black raspberry crop is said to be [illegible] prolific in this section.

—[illegible] scarlet fever, so says Dr. H. [illegible] prevails at East Smethport.

—The weather has been delightful this week, cool nights and very warm days.

—A division of Sons of Temperance [illegible] organized at Derrick City last week.

—The bark jobbers are getting pretty well through with their work in this section.

—The [illegible] of the merry berry pickers [illegible] heard in the land about these times.

—[illegible] mite to the Clarendon relief fund footed up at the snug figure of [illegible]

—Bradford contributed about $200 to the fund for the relief of the Clarendon sufferers.

—The Republican County Convention will be held in this borough Tuesday, [illegible]

—[illegible] car loads of Bradforites made up [illegible] excursion to the Kinzua viaduct on Sunday last.

—A Wellsboro disciple of Blackstone [illegible] received $1,000 for services rendered in one case.

—The Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad Co. have resumed the sale of [illegible] books.

—The financial statement of Smethport borough can be found in another column of to-day's MINER.

—The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh R. R. will run an excursion to Niagara Falls next Sunday.

—The National Transit Co. gave $1,000 towards relieving the sufferers of the recent Clarendon fire.

—Smethport sent a small delegation to the Saratoga of Cameron county—Sterling—this week.

—Conductor Harry Richmond has so far recovered from his recent injuries as to be able to ride out.

—One of the finest fields of potatoes in the county may be seen on the poor farm near the buildings.

—The State Firemen's Convention of New York will be held in Troy, August 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th.

—The bicycle mania is gradually petering out in this community, owing, [illegible] to the warm weather.

—C. A. Burdick, the energetic insurance agent, informs us that business in his line is booming just now.

—Brooks' locomotive works at Dunkirk are working 1000 men, and turning out four locomotives a week.

—The [illegible] weather of last Sunday [illegible] the church attendance in this borough to a noticeable degree.

—From all accounts we are led to believe that the hay crop in this section will be fully up to that of last season.

—The balloon which the unfortunate [illegible] undertook to go up in at Olean on the Fourth, landed at Portage, N. Y.

—The Bradford papers come out [illegible] against the proposition to sell the [illegible] team fire engine belonging to that city.

—Casper Fischer, a twelve-year-old boy, was drowned last Sunday while bathing in Dickson's mill race at Ridgway.

—Next Monday and Tuesday the Bradford league club will, on their home grounds, cross bats with the Altoona nine.

—The fame of Smethport surgeons has a tendency to bring the lame and halt from distant points to this place for treatment.

—The next term of the United States Circuit Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania will begin at Erie next Monday.

—The Sterling Dramatic Co. which held forth at the Opera House in this place for a week, recently, disbanded at Bradford.

—Summer is half gone, but that is no sign that we are not to have any amount of the hottest kind of weather on the home stretch.

—The Smethport Gas Co. has been taking time by the forelock in getting the gas lines in first-class order for the winter campaign.

—We would respectfully inform the Olean *Times* that this journal is no longer a "minor." It passed the voting age sometime ago.

—John McKierna of Bush hill has adopted John Gillian from the Orphan's home at Erie. The child is assured of a happy home.

—The showers which visited us on Saturday last had the desired effect of cooling the temperature to the extent of several degrees.

—The Elmira *Advertiser* is authority for the statement that Corning, Elmira and Ithaca will put down gas wells at a not far distant day.

—Part of the arch at Gifford's upper mill caved in last Sunday night, which necessitated the shutting down of the mill during part of Monday.

—W. H. Picard is now working at his trade in Punxsutawney. Will is a first class mason, and as a consequence his services are always in demand.

—Fast driving should be prohibited in this borough before a serious accident results from it. Foot passengers should at all times be protected in their rights.

—There is now excellent reasons for believing that the paving job on Main street, Bradford, will be completed between now and next Fourth of July.

—The scholars and teachers of the M. E. Sunday school, picnicked at the reservoir and Devil's Temple Thursday. A good time is reported by all who attended.

—The St. Marys *Herald* is the only paper in this section that has a German department. It is quite a novel feature in the make-up of that excellent journal.

—In the yard of Gifford's upper mill are forty-six full piles of lumber, which shows something of the business that has been done in that neighborhood this season.

—Gen. J. B. Weaver, of Nebraska, will lecture in Bradford this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of the Knights of Labor, on the "Political Issues of the Day."

—The lawn party last Friday evening, at the residence of E. L. Keenan, Esq., gotten up by Miss Edna in honor of her guest, Miss Bessie Sartwell, was a delightful social event, which was largely participated in by our young people.

—It is said that John DuBois, the young millionaire of DuBois, will put down a well, with the hopes of finding oil, near his old home in Tioga county, N. Y.

—The large tooth hanging in front of the entrance to Dr. Pierce's dental rooms on Main street, has just been re-gilded, which makes it show off to much better advantage.

—A party of Smethport young people picknicked at the Devil's Temple, on the Alton road, Wednesday. A delightful time is reported by all who took part in the festivities.

—Our genial friend Hugh Brawley never takes a back seat when congregational singing is to be done. His melodious and well modulated voice is plainly heard above all the rest.

—A Williamsport genius has just patented an appliance for heating cars by steam, which promises to fill the bill completely. The invention will be tested on the New York Central Railroad.

—Peter Findlay, Esq., an old Bradford lawyer, but now a resident of Birmingham, Ala., had a very interesting letter in Wednesday's *Era* giving valuable industrial statistics from that live southern city.

—Gen. Black, the efficient Street Commissioner, and his clerk have been kept quite busy of late in repairing the walks of those of our citizens who neglected to do the work themselves within the specified time.

—We are requested to announce that a temperance meeting will be held in the Union church at Farmers' Valley, on Sunday evening, July 17th, which will be conducted by Barr and Schoonmaker, christian workers.

—Robt. King, Esq., is without a doubt the most successful raiser of sauer kraut timber in this section of country. He appears to have a secret whereby he makes that product thrive in waste places like the green bay tree.

—The Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua R. R. Co. have erected near their depot in this place a water tank, to be supplied by our Water Co. The railroad company will find this water station of great convenience to them.

—The game of ball which was announced to come off on the Hamlin park grounds, in this place, yesterday, between the Bradford Browns and the Smethport club did not take place. A new date will be fixed.

—The oration delivered here by Mr. W. J. Milliken of Smethport on Monday was one of the most interesting features of the day, and he, as a speaker, is commended by all who had an opportunity to listen.—*Ceres Courant.*

—That spaniel Judge Johnson sent to Sheriff Bannon some time since, has a mighty short tail, but as she is a blooded animal we have no doubt that is one of the marks of the high strain of the canine race from which she is a noble descendant.

—Dennis Quinlisk has been kept quite busy of late in keeping the grass and shrubbery in the Court House grounds from dying out entirely. The light showers of last Saturday gave him a slight advantage in his seemingly unequal task.

—The Olean *Times* says that the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad is now carrying considerable freight on its way from Japan to London. A few days ago a whole train load of tea went over the road in original packages consigned to London from Yokohama.

—The MINER force tender their thanks to an unknown friend for an immense watermelon from Stan McCarty's market. Our devil (who, by the way, is an expert in such matters) after getting on the outside of the lion's share of the melon, pronounced it superb in every particular.

—The Allentown club, on their home grounds, on Monday last succeeded in defeating the Bradford team by a score of 10 to 5. The oil country boys claim that they were euchered out of the game by the mob, which took possession of the ground and treated them in a disgraceful manner.

—The Bradford *Star* jumps at an important conclusion in this wise: "Before the snow flies in the fall and the wild geese seek a warmer climate several loving, trusting, cooing couple of this city will stand before the holy altar of Hymen and swear to chew gum from the same stick forever."

—A DuBois City man on sundry occasions put a fence across the Kendall & Eldred railroad track near that place. At last, the railroad officials tiring of that sort of business, had the trespasser arrested and taken before a Bradford magistrate one day last week, who bound the fence-builder over to court.

—One of the greatest difficulties a horseman has is to convince the public that his horse is going at something like a 2:20 gait, when in reality it is only reeling off a mile about once in six minutes. It is strange how much faster a horse seems to be going to the man who holds the reins than to those who are on *terra firma.*

—"I am sorry to say there are no seats, madame," said a passenger who was hanging on to a strap the other day in a Broadway car, as a lady was trying to push her way past. "I know it," said the lady sweetly, "but I would like to get as far as the middle of the car because my bustle is outside in the rain."—*New York Tribune.*

—The Spiritualists of Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will hold their eighth annual camp meeting on their grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua county, N. Y., from Saturday, July 30, till Sunday, Sept. 4. Prominent speakers from various parts of the country will be present to address the gathering.

—A five-year-old boy weighing 133 lbs. is one of the products of "the beautiful climate" of Allegany county, N. Y. A little figuring shows that the East Smethport boy is ahead yet, considering his age. For each year of his age a trifle over 28 pounds of solid flesh stands to his credit, while his Allegany county competitor can only show about 26½ pounds.

—A right smart application of a boot where it would do the most good would be very apt to teach a chap that it is not the most funny thing after all to turn the hose on a person purposely. Such an occurrence as that came under our observation one day last week, but the guilty wretch got off with a severe reprimand, when he should have been booted from one end of town to the other, just to jog his memory.

—A Board of Trade has been organized at Eldred with the following gentlemen as its officers: President, A. B. Rowley; Vice-President, E. C. Wolcott; Secretary, E. R. Mayo; Treasurer, E. S. Rogers. The board of directors are the President and Vice-President. P. O. Hensley, Fred Simon and R. H. Owens. The above list of names is a sure guarantee that the interests of Eldred will be well looked after in the future.

—The people who reside on the south side of Marvin creek in this borough are endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to build a foot bridge across that stream from the foot of Fulton street. It is estimated that a structure of that kind will cost between $300 and $400. There is no doubt that the residents west of Mechanic street on that side of the stream would find such a bridge of great convenience, if they can raise the funds to build it.

—According to the *Journal* some of the Coudersport women indulge in rough and tumble encounters, in which stones are used rather promiscuously. But a stone, generally speaking, in the hands of a woman is one of the most innocent weapons imaginable, unless her antagonist should happen to get behind her about the time she let go the missile. Nevertheless brother Haskell is justified in reading the riot act to the warlike factions.

—The Ceres sidewalk committee (whatever that may be) held a lawn ice cream festival last Saturday evening. Are we to understand that the funds raised by that means are to be devoted for the purpose of building sidewalks for residents of that place who through penuriousness or laziness fail to do so themselves. If so we will send an order in at the next festival for half a dozen dishes of frozen lacteal fluid, just to show that our heart is in the good (?) work.

—Leon Hogarth, of Port Allegany, son of Dr. F. W. Hogarth, has obtained a fine position as pharmacist in the drug establishment of Holt and Swanson, Jamestown, N. Y. "Doc," as he is usually called, has a host of friends in this place who will be glad to hear of his promotion. As a "chip of the old block" he naturally takes to business connected with *materia medica.* His father is one of the oldest and most intelligent physicians of this county.

—There is no change in the style of fishing tackle this year, except that the jug has more body and not quite so much neck.—*Mansfield Herald.*

—Henry Weith is ready take orders in his new place of business in the Black block. His reputation as a cutter is well established in this community.

—Geo Brownell finished up his trout fishing for this season, Wednesday last, on Robbins' Brook, and the result of his day's work was one hundred of as fine trout as we have gazed on this year.

—Geo. M. Corwin, one of our court officers, has been lying very ill at his residence on Cemetery street, for some time. We are glad to learn that he has been improving for the past three days.

—Hon. O. C. Allen, of Warren, has two sons of which he has a right to be proud. They are bright and manly young men. Will, the eldest, has just been appointed to a position on the staff of Gen. Wiley.

—Mr. S. P. Beckwith, of Farmers' Valley, is loud in his praises of the beneficial effects of the Sizerville water in rheumatic cases. He insists that it straightened out his right leg, which has been very crooked for years, in a week's time.

—On Thursday of next week the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad will run its first excursion from this section to Niagara Falls. Excursionists will have seven hours at the Falls. Fare for round trip from Smethport, $2.50. Don't forget the date.

—John Shearns, of Kendall borough, has just purchased of Mr. Rogers, two lots in square 57 of this borough, on which he expects to erect a handsome home within the coming 12 months. The only house on that square at present is the one owned and occupied by Geo. R. Moore.

—We are requested by the Water Co. to state that the water will be turned off on Saturday morning, for the purpose of repairing the dam at the reservoir. It is absolutely important that every patron of the Water Company should use as little water as possible during the present drouth.

—Last week we made mention, on what we considered good authority, that Dr. Pierce was one of the contestants in the free-for-all foot race at Eldred on the Fourth. But it now turns out that we were misinformed, as the Dr. says he was not in the race at all. We gladly make this correction.

—By an explosion of the boiler of a locomotive on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad at Crawford Junction, Tuesday night, the engineer, Arthur L. Eckels, was hurled 500 feet through the air, receiving terrible injuries from which he died Wednesday morning, and James M. Wilson, the fireman, was so badly bruised and scalded that no hopes for his recovery are entertained.

—On July 9th the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R. R. commenced the sale of 1,000 mile books, good on any portion of broad gauge divisions, and limited to one year from date of sale, at $20.00 each. These books are now issued to the head of a family, and can be used by any member thereof traveling separately or together, or to a business house or firm, and can be used by any member or representative thereof, but by only one person at a time.

—The Water Company served notice on their patrons on Saturday last that a stop must be put to the extravagant waste of water or else they would find themselves entirely out of that commodity on short order. The water at that time was the lowest that it had ever been since the reservoir was completed, and it was being drawn off considerably faster than it ran in. The long continued drouth in this vicinity was cause for all this trouble.

—Among the several marriage ceremonies performed in Olean on the Fourth, by Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, we notice those of three Port Allegany couple, viz.: Giles L. Simerson and Miss Olive Boothe, John Morey and Miss Mary Ophelia Burrows, and Warren Grimes and Miss Barbara Burrows. Evidently the Justice of the Peace amendment to the Pennsylvania marriage law does not have the effect of keeping McKean county couples from having Olean dominies tie the knot.

—One week ago last Saturday Fred Beeman, of Emporium, who was engaged as a brakesman on the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R. R., had his leg horribly mangled while coupling cars near Shippen. The unfortunate young man was brought to this place and put under the care of Dr. Freeman. Last Saturday Dr. Freeman, assisted by Dr. Carroll, amputated the leg just above the knee. The patient passed through the trying ordeal successfully, and is in fair way to recover.

—Blind Patterson, the Elmira man who recently received upwards of $13,000 back pension from the government, was only allowed to enjoy his fraudulently acquired riches for a brief time. Uncle Sam's officials were soon on his and his accomplices tracks, and the whole gang of them, including an Olean man, were inside of prison walls at last account, in default of bail, awaiting trial for conspiracy to defraud the government. All but about $800 of the large sum Patterson received was recovered by the government.

—The old soldiers of Tioga county will hold their annual reunion at Tioga, August 17th to the 19th, inclusive. Why do not the old veterans of this county perfect some sort of an organization whereby they can go into camp for three or four days each year, as their Tioga county comrades do. They would undoubtedly derive much pleasure and benefit by gathering around the camp fire on the tented field annually, there to recount the tales of by-gone days. This suggestion is worthy of the consideration of our soldier friends.

—Elmer E. Blair, eldest son of ex-Sheriff James E. Blair of Bradford, met with a painful accident in that city a few days since. He was riding a horse and when on the corner of Mechanic and Washington streets the horse fell throwing Blair to the ground with great force. When extricated it was found that both bones between the knee and ankle were badly fractured. He was taken to the residence of his parents on School street where the fractures were reduced by Dr. Dorn, and the patient is doing as well as could be expected.

—The Bradford *Era* says: M. J. Tresch, foreman, and Charles Parks, an employe in Bovaird & Seyfang's shops, quarreled on Saturday night. It was all about a hammer which Parks had not returned, and which was charged to him according to the rules of the establishment. Hot words followed and Tresch knocked Parks down. In falling his right leg was caught between pieces of iron and broken off short at the ankle. It was a terrible fracture and Parks will probably be a cripple for life. Tresch was arrested for assault and battery. He was released upon furnishing $300 bail.

—Our old friend, E. A. Barden, of Eldred, sustained a terrible loss on the 3d inst., in the death of his wife, who was a daughter of Thos. Wainman, Esq., and who was in the 33d year of her age. The *Eagle* of last week says: "Mrs. Barden was a member of the M. E. church, in this place, and her devout Christian spirit was always felt in works of charity and good. The funeral was held from the little home where comfort and pleasure were displaced by death, and the attendance was unusually large. Rev. F. S. Parkhurst conducted the services and was assisted by Rev. H. F. Osborn. The remains were interred at the cemetery in this place."

—The Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* of Tuesday says: "Last evening Thomas J. Malone, who resides at Kane, 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, presented O. B. Welch, of the Park Hotel, with a handsome ebony, gold headed, cane. It bore this inscription, neatly engraved: 'Thomas J. Malone to O. B. Welch.' The recipient is very proud of the gift, but he still condescends to notice his friends. Mr. Malone is a rich newspaper editor of McKean county, who occasionally comes to Williamsport to see his friends and have a little fun." Tom's many friends in this county will be glad to know that he is captivating his city friends by his princely liberality.

—Our townsman Frank Moses had about as lively a ride on a sulky rake last Saturday morning as he cared to take on a warm day. As he was starting for the hay field his horse got in a hurry, and came down Mechanic street at a lively pace. On reaching Main street Mr. Moses showed his dexterity in handling the "ribbons" by making the turn into that thoroughfare without capsizing his vehicle—owing to his wide sweep—and down that street all hands went sailing at something like a 2:20 rate of speed. Near Hon. S. A. Backus' barn Frank made a fine carrom against the fence, and by that means brought his prancing steed to a standstill, without doing any damage.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

F. E. Brooks visited Olean on Monday.

J. H. McQuaid, of Cole Creek, called on us Tuesday.

T. A. Morrison, Esq., was in Bradford on Monday last.

Miss Flora Martz is visiting friends in Lafayette this week.

J. E. Sprague is spending a few days with his family on Green street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Barbour, of Bradford, are on a visit to Atlantic City.

Mrs. C. L. Douglass, of Bradford, is visiting friends in Smethport this week.

Miss Alma Brennan, of this place, has been visiting relatives in Bradford this week.

Mrs. Thomas McDowell and Miss McDowell drove over from Port Allegany on Saturday last.

Miss Cora Anderson, of Bradford, is visiting friends in this place, the guest of the Misses Wright.

Deputy Prothonotary Hugh P. Brawley was booked at the St. James, in Bradford, on Wednesday.

Harry Wells was booked at the Riddell House, Bradford, Tuesday.

Mrs. F. N. Taylor and Miss Ella Freeman visited Bradford Tuesday.

Jimmy McNulty, of Bradford, was in town a couple of days this week, visiting relatives and friends.

Charles Moses, the photographer, has moved his household effects to DuBois. His family will join him soon.

Mr. Orrin Gallup, who has been suffering from mental derangement for the past two years, is gradually failing.

Mrs. S. J. Gifford departed for Sizerville on Wednesday last to try the waters of the famous spring at that place.

John R. Shoemaker, the gentlemanly and efficient County Treasurer, drove over to Bradford on Friday evening last.

County Superintendent W. P. Eckles, of Kane, had business in Smethport a couple of days the forepart of the week.

Owing to severe illness, Mr. Charles Brock was unable to fill his position as organist at the M. E. church on Sunday last.

Mrs. W. H. Picard who has been visiting friends in Allegany county, N. Y., for several weeks past, returned on Tuesday last.

Miss Addie Brownell departed on Wednesday for Chautauqua, to be absent for some days at that famous summer resort.

Miss Matie Rice, who has been visiting friends in Coleville and vicinity the past few weeks, returned to her home in this place on Tuesday.

Ev. Chadwick, the accommodating host at Hotel Chadwick, Larrabee, was taking in the sights and gathering in his hay in this place on Wednesday.

Mrs. L. C. Ross, of Coudersport, and Mrs. Saunders, of Dakota, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Colegrove on King street.

Henry Sartwell, the genial host at the Olean House, Olean, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ethel, spent Sunday with relatives and friends in this place.

Sheriff Bannon accompanied by Prothonotary McElroy drove over to Bradford Saturday evening. Since the sheriff has got to driving a fast team he never waits for the train when he is desirous of getting to a place on time.

Rev. D. B. Trobley, who represents the Pennsylvania Bible Society, spent several days in town during the past week in the interest of that concern. On Sunday morning he preached in the M. E. church and in the evening at the Baptist church. Both discourses were listened to with the closest attention by appreciative audiences.

W. S. Walker and C. H. Felt, two well known Emporium gentlemen, rode over from that place on Tuesday afternoon on their bicycles. After supper, in company with Dr. Pierce and Will Holder, they took a spin around town on their machines. During their stay in town they made the Grand Central their headquarters.

Smethport, Pennsylvania, is represented at Haddon Hall by a delegation of thirteen, and the enjoyable season they [illegible] superstitious feeling by some that thirteen is an unlucky number. The party is headed by Counselors B. D. Hamlin and John Forrest, who have a law and land office in Smethport.—*Atlantic City personal in Philadelphia Times.*

"Never Looked Brighter."

Our Kane correspondent says that the future of that town never looked brighter than at the present time, and what is the reason? Simply and only because Kane's business men and land owners are made up of enterprising people. There is no town in this section of country that displays more life and energy than the city on the mountain-top. A few days ago some Rochester capitalists proposed to locate extensive iron works there on the following conditions:

1st. Two acres of land in a locality where the land is now worth over a thousand dollars an acre.

2d. The lumber for buildings, worth $1400.

3d. Gas for light and fuel for three years, worth some $1900.

4th. Exemption from local taxation for three years.

Mrs. Gen. Kane, through her son, E. K. Kane, donated the land, the James brothers gave the lumber and the Kane Gas Co. guaranteed the gas. The borough council cannot legally exempt the taxes but they can see that a valuation is put on the property which will make the taxes a mere bagatelle, and which a half dozen or more citizens can pay with out feeling it. The iron works are now being erected, and there is a boom in Kane which is not being experienced in any other town in the County. Why shouldn't the future of a town look bright which has within her limits so many bright, intelligent, energetic citizens?

A Pleasant Trip.

MR. EDITOR:—A small party of excursionists, consisting of ten of our young people drove over to the great Kinzua bridge the other day to have a glimpse of the highest bridge in the world and a general good time. Arriving at the bridge about noon, the ladies of the party soon had a fine dinner ready, consisting of delicacies too numerous to mention. After dinner an examination of the bridge delighted those of the party who had not before seen it. The time flew until about four o'clock in the afternoon when the excursionists began their return trip for home, the cool of the evening making the drive delightful. Arriving home at an early hour, the party felt a trifle tired perhaps, but all were of one opinion that it was a very pleasant trip.

Several of the above party took part in a pleasant drive, July 4th, to the residence of G. F. Bayer, of Farmers' Valley, where they were royally entertained by Mr. Bayer and wife who know how to appreciate the good spirits of the young folks. NUBBINS.

Crosby, Pa., July 13.

Baptist Church.

Subject for next Sunday morning's discourse: "Christ Our Example." Evening: "Studies in Matthew, 3:9-17." The pastor, Rev. C. H. Hitchelmore, will preach at Colegrove at 3:00 p. m.

Rooms to Rent.

Two large rooms in the basement of the Wendel building in Smethport, under the Taylor & Parker store. For terms inquire of G. M. SMITH, J. P.

Attention Fishermen.

Tents, seines, nets, fishing tackle, guns, revolvers very cheap at Great Western Gun Works Pittsburg, Pa. Write for price list.

Important To Sportsmen.

Seines, nets and tents all kinds and sizes; fishing tackle of every description. Guns, revolvers, ammunition. Send for price list to Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR ten or twelve years I have been severely afflicted with Catarrh. Never before found such decided relief as from Ely's Cream Balm. I consider myself cured.—J. W. BUFFINGTON, Mechanicsville, N. Y. (Price 50 cents.)

SUBSCRIBE for the MINER.

Another Failure.

For years the business men and property-holders of Smethport have been endeavoring to have industrial enterprises of some character established within the limits of their town. What has seemed to them the most liable to locate here were such as could utilize the resources of the country in the carrying on of their business. The vast field of hemlock lands, lying in fact all around us, and particularly to the south, south-east and south-west for a distance of thirty miles, would naturally attract the attention of that immense industry engaged in the manufacture of leather. There is no town in the country, taking everything into consideration, so admirably located for manufactories of that character as this. It lies at the junction of two streams, the waters of which run through hemlock forests of greater extent than any two streams of their size in northern Pennsylvania. And this is saying a great deal, for there is more hemlock timber in the counties of McKean, Potter, Elk and Forest, than in any four adjoining counties of this State, and probably of the United States. Occasionally the remark is made in this town, that one company controls all the available timber around us. This is the sheerest balderdash and would emanate only from a fool or a knave. It would require the wealth of a Vanderbilt or a Gould to control the hemlock lands which Potato and Marvin creeks drain, at present prices. Mr. McClure, the Superintendent of the Clermont branch of the B., N. Y. & P. Railroad, who is more conversant with the subject than any other man, estimates that there were upwards of 50,000 cords of bark shipped out of the county from off the Clermont branch last year. To all appearances there will be as much if not more shipped away this year. This is in excess of ten or twelve thousand cords used up by the Smethport Extract Co., and a very considerable amount which is shipped from Mt. Jewett from the head of Marvin creek. A very close estimate was recently made, which makes the total of hemlock bark pealed in McKean county last year at not less than 200,000 cords.

These facts cause the people of Smethport to wonder why there should not be more or less leather manufactories located here, where bark exists in such great abundance and where there are competing lines of railroad. We flatter ourselves that we have a reasonably decent town to live in, and that our admirable water system and wonderful supply of natural gas which a beneficent Providence has favored us with, would attract rather than repel those who are seeking locations for that class of works. The writer of this has had very considerable correspondence within the past three years with leather manufacturers in reference to locating in this vicinity, and what was his surprise to hear from a firm last season that "you probably understand that Smethport, as a town, has not a good reputation among tanners." It would be a satisfaction, at least, to the citizens of Smethport to know who is blackening her reputation among tanners or any other class of manufacturers. They cannot understand why their town should be in bad repute anywhere on the face of the earth. Those who have visited this place with a view of locating a tannery have uniformly expressed themselves as delighted with the town, and have been astonished at the vast fields of hemlock timber which they have looked over within a radius of ten miles of the Court House. One of the oldest and most thoroughly informed tanners of the country, said to the writer of this one day, as we were riding through the hemlock sections of Norwich and Hamlin townships: "I have never before seen so much hemlock timber in three or four hours time. There is enough to supply a dozen upper leather tanneries for twenty-five years." When this gentleman left Smethport he was fully determined to locate here, but for some unaccountable reason he subsequently changed his mind, and we *know* that it was not a question of railroad freights or discrimination that caused that change.

What has led to a discussion of this subject at this time is the experience the citizens Smethport have had within a few weeks past in securing an establishment for the manufacture of upper leather inside the borough limits. It was sometime during the month of April last, that Colonel James N. Duffy, of Newark, N. J., called upon Hon. A. B. Armstrong of [illegible] looking for an upper leather tannery location. He stated that Mr. Palmer, of Newark, who has some works at Ludlow in this county, had suggested Smethport to him as a desirable location. From that moment negotiations with Colonel Duffy commenced and continued until Wednesday of last week. It would require more room than we have to spare to give the details of these negotiations but it is no more than right that the community should understand a few facts in connection with them which we shall briefly give. During his first visit Mr. Armstrong showed the Colonel the several locations and they visited the railroad stations and examined the rates of freight between the eastern and western cities and this point, which the Colonel appeared entirely satisfied with. The next morning he left, promising to return soon. On the first of June he returned to this place, and on the evening of the 2d, at his suggestion, a meeting of a few of the business men of the town was held in the office of Backus & Gorton for the purpose of conferring with him in reference to locating his works here. At that meeting a committee of three, consisting of A. B. Armstrong, D. C. Young and L. Rogers, was appointed and given full power to close negotiations with the Colonel. They afterwards met in the latter's room at the Grand Central Hotel, discussed matters fully, and the committee left with the impression that there would be no difficulty in carrying out what was required of the citizens of Smethport. As they understood it they were to donate six acres of land, to be subsequently selected by the Colonel, to furnish what hemlock lumber was required for the works, not to exceed 400,000 feet at $6 per thousand and 200,000 brick at the same price. Colonel Duffy left the next morning and the committee proceeded at once to secure options for the several locations which had been examined. Within a few hours refusals had been secured from the several land owners upon most reasonable terms, and Colonel Duffy was so notified. Then followed considerable correspondence, ending up with the following letter, which was received June 21st:

NEWARK, N. J., June 20th, 1887.

CAPTAIN L. ROGERS, Smethport, Pa.:—*Dear Captain:*—I have delayed at the earnest request of interested parties who are still pressing me not to decide on a location until they can give me guarantees sure to satisfy me, but I am anxious to get to work at construction and while other localities are attractive and promise to be made more so, I have determined to make your committee this proposition:—You furnish me with a gas well sufficient for my purposes, or lumber sufficient for the structures, in addition to what you have already offered, and I will at once decide to locate in Smethport and begin construction this week.

I will take the liberty of mailing copy of this to Messrs. Armstrong and Young so that in case of your absence I may get prompt reply. Kindly telegraph me answer at your earliest convenience, and oblige, yours truly,

JAMES N. DUFFY.

The committee held a brief consultation over the propositions contained in the foregoing letter, and finally concluded to see what could be done in the way of raising money. The citizens of the town, with a very few exceptions, responded nobly, and on the following Saturday Colonel Duffy was wired that a gas well would be furnished. He responded that he would be here on Monday, the 27th. He came, reaching here at noon, and bringing with him the plans, specifications, etc., for his building. After a short conference with the committee the following agreement, the terms of which were dictated by Col. Duffy, was drawn up by Jno. N. Apple, Esq., which was to be executed in the evening:

This agreement made the 27th day of June, 1887, between A. B. Armstrong, D. C. Young and L. Rogers, a committee representing the citizens of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, parties of the first part, and James N. Duffy, of Newark, New Jersey, party of the second part witnesseth:

That first parties agree to purchase and convey by good and sufficient title to the second party, in consideration of the sum of one dollar and other valuable considerations, and to [illegible] six acres of land bounded and described as follows, to-wit: [Here the description of the six acres of land to be selected by Colonel Duffy was to be inserted.] To be used by the second party to erect works upon for the manufacture of leather. Also—to furnish to the second party a gas well or wells, with sufficient volume of gas for fuel and lights to properly operate said works, the second party to have a perpetual lease of said gas well or wells free of charge.

The first parties agree to furnish the second party brick necessary for the erection of said works at six dollars per thousand.

In consideration whereof the said second party, covenants, and agrees to erect a leather manufactory as per plans and specifications submitted and left with the first parties at the execution of this agreement. It is understood and agreed that the second party will commence the erection and construction of said manufactory as soon as the first parties furnish said land and material, and that he will prosecute the same diligently to completion.

In witness whereof, the parties hereto have set their hands, the day and year aforesaid.

In company with S. J. Gifford, Esq., Colonel Duffy then started out to look over the lumber which was being manufactured at Gifford's mills. During the afternoon *it so happened* that he fell in with Supt. Jno. C. McKenna of the B., B. & K. Railroad, who he interviewed on the subject of freights. When he met the committee again in the evening he declined to sign the agreement, claiming that he had misunderstood the freight rates at this point and was unwilling to close negotiations until he had conferred with some gentleman in New York. Whether that conference was held or not we are uninformed, but one fact is pretty thoroughly implanted in the breasts of the citizens of this town, and that is that the interview with Supt. McKenna was the beginning of the end of Colonel Duffy's proposition to locate in Smethport. When the Colonel came back here on the 6th of July he was dead set against locating here and was not disposed to give any good reasons why. The question naturally arises, "Are the railroad companies opposed to the planting of industrial works in Smethport? If not, who is?" We have given the essential facts of the case and our readers can draw their own inferences.

We learn that Duffy's works are to be located at Eldred, and if we cannot have them we are glad that our sister town is to receive the benefits which will be derived from their being planted within her borders.

To the Public.

At the close of the busiest season I have ever known, I wish to thank the people of Smethport and vicinity for their generous patronage, and trust that in the future, as in the past, by fair dealings I may continue to receive a liberal share of the same. I also wish to add that I still have on hand a large and varied assortment of goods, all bought for cash, and which will be sold as low as the lowest, and all guaranteed as represented. I have a few spring and summer goods left which I am disposing of at cost. Bargains can be secured by calling early. Again thanking you for past favors, I subscribe myself, very respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG.

Smethport, Pa., July 6, 1887. tf.

WANAMAKER'S samples just received at M. L. Armstrong's.

FOR lime, hair, plaster, cement, etc., go to F. E. BROOKS, Smethport.

BUY your groceries of D. C. Young. He will not be undersold.

FOR lumber, lath, shingles, flooring, go to F. E. BROOKS, Smethport, Pa. 4-tf.

DIED.

HYDE.—On July 4, 1887, in Keating township, after a short illness, Gladys Hazel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Hyde, aged 1 year, 9 months and 8 days.

SMETHPORT, JULY 15, 1887.

This week we will quote prices on a new invoice of Victoria Lawns at 5 cents a yard; a good figured Lawn at 2 cents a yard; a large variety of India Linens and India Robe suitings; an endless variety of check Nainsook at unprecedently low prices; the best Indigo Blue Calico at 5½ cents a yard, sold elsewhere at 8 and 10; Crinkled Seersucker reduced from 12 1-2 to 7 cents a yard. The Embroidery and Lace stock is new and complete. Hardly a day passes that we do not make new, handsome and attractive additions to our Millinery goods, which we will sell so cheaply that all may have a new, fashionable bonnet or hat if desired. Our shoe trade has always been good, because we handle nothing but first-class stock, bought for cash from reliable dealers. It will pay any person wanting shoes for ladies, misses or children to call and see our stock which we will sell below cost. We will not stand on price. We want to sell. Call and we will convince you. We add to our stock the celebrated DR. BALL'S H. P. CORSET, for 90 cents. The low prices inaugurated before the Fourth will be continued the balance of the season. We will sell off our stock of shoes in bulk, or by the pair, at prices that will suit the purchaser; in fact we will make a GENERAL CLEARING OUT SALE of all our goods regardless of the original cost. Bargains every day, but especially every Saturday.

MRS. T. D. NASH.

IMPORTANT
—TO—
BUILDERS!

THE PLACE TO BUY
Surfaced Hemlock,
Mouldings,
Flooring,
Siding!
Window and Door Frames
Brackets, Etc.
—IS AT—
Jno. Baker & Sons
—ALSO—
PLANING, MATCHING, TURNING!
—AND—
SCROLL-SAWING
done on short notice.
John Baker & Sons,
Water Street, - Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL BROS
HAVE AN IMMENSE
SPRING STOCK
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
ETC., ETC.
OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."
Smethport, - Pa.
January 1, 1887.

CALL THIS PATRIOTIC!
—OR—
WHAT YOU PLEASE!
Only Come Early and
SECURE A BARGAIN!

1,000 Yards of Victoria Lawn, 5 1-2c. worth 8 cts.; 1,000 Yards Light Crinkled Seersucker, 5cts. worth 10cts.; 2,000 Yards Dark Crinkled Seersucker, 7cts. worth 12 1-2 cts.; balance 4 cent Lawns, 2cts.; Best Indigo Blue Prints, 5 3-4cts. worth 8cts.; Summer Silks must go, 25cts. worth 40cts.

Standard Prints, 5 Cents Per Yard!

Dress Goods 6, 10 12½ to the finest Black Silks. Our Black Silks cannot be beaten; warranted, every yard. We are closing out a fine line of French Cashmeres, 42 inches wide, for 30½ cents, worth 50 cents. A good turkey red table linen, fast colors, 30 cents; Laces, Embroideries, White Goods. Gloves of every description—Silk, Lisle, Kid Gloves, Blacks, Tan and Opera shades. Parasols are going fast—all colors—plain and fancy striped; Lace-Trimmed and all-over lace, 50 cents to $5; good Cotton Hose, Ladies', Children's and Men's 10 cents per pair; Men's Unlaundried Shirts, 14 to 17. Linen bosom, re-enforced front and back, 50 cents; Straw Hats, Men's Work Hats for 5 cents; a nobby dress hat, 50 cents; a fine line of Neckties for 25 cents; Men's Suits $4 to $30; Working Shirts and "Sunday-go-to-meeting Shirts" at all prices. Drive Shoes $3; good working shoes, $1; Ladies' shoes, $1 to $5. We guarantee our $3.50 Kid Shoe equal to any $5 shoe elsewhere.

Children's Shoes of Every Description From 35 Cts. to $2

Thornton & Chester's Celebrated Flour

$6 per barrel; $1.50 per sack; Thornton & Chester's Globe Mills, $1.35 per sack or $5.50 per barrel. Our Snow Flake Flour at $5 cannot be beaten. White Rose 90 cents per sack or $3.60 per barrel. Our finest Japan Tea, 35 cents; 3 pounds for $1. Tea as low as 15 cents. Fine Creamery Butter 20 cents. Sugar by the barrel at Refinery prices.

We now occupy two floors and have three ware-houses chock full of

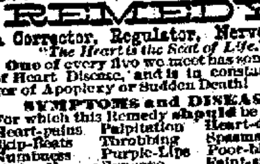
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes!
Hat, Caps & Clothing, Crockery & Tinware.

Camp goods of every description. We are supplying the largest camps in the country. Why? Because we have the quantity, quality and the Lowest Prices and delivered free and promptly.

To JOBBERS:—We have on hand axes of the following makes in any size or quanity: Crown Jewel, Robert Mann, White and Buffalo Axes, Bark Spuds and Cross-Cut Saws.

Stickney & Company,
East Smethport, Penn'a.

DR. KILMER'S



REMEDY!
A Corrector, Regulator, Nerve-Rest.
"The Heart is the Seat of Life."
One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease, and is in constant danger of Apoplexy or Sudden Death!
SYMPTOMS and DISEASE.
For which this Remedy should be taken
Heart-pains, Palpitation, Heart-dropsy, Skip-Beats, Throbbing, Spasms (Fits), Numbness, Purple-Lips, Poor-blood, Shaky-Nerves, Syncope, Faint-spells, Hot-flashes, Paralysis, Heart-sympathetic.
Rush of Blood to the Head, Feeble-circulation, Labored-breathing, Heart-enlargement, Nervous-prostration, Heart-rheumatism, Neuralgia and Valvular Disease.
One Medicine will not Cure all kinds of Disease.
THIS REMEDY IS A SPECIFIC. It Prevents Palsy, Shock, Sudden Death.
Every ingredient is from vegetable products which grow in sight of every unfortunate sufferer. It contains no Morphine, Opium or injurious drugs.
Not a Vestige of Impure Blood can escape its Purifying Influence.
PRICE $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.
Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.
Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free).
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. janl4tf

Paragon Desk!



A. H. ANDREWS & CO.
DEALERS IN
SCHOOL FURNITURE

School Directors, it is to your interest and the interest of the public to examine this Furniture before buying elsewhere. Call on or address,

C. A. Burdick, Agent,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Office: Hamlin Bank Building. 1tf

BARBER SHOP
ALFRED STURDVIENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

DRESSMAKING
Mrs. Campbell
AT THE RESIDENCE OF M. L. ARMSTRONG, WATER STREET,
SMETHPORT, PA.
November 18, 1886-tf

Let Your Eyes Rest Here!

H. W. Rubin wishes to announce to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now receiving
—HIS—
Spring & Summer Goods
CONSISTING OF THE
LATEST -:- STYLES
—OF—
CLOTHING!

That is guaranteed to fit in every instance.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS

In this department I am prepared to show the finest line of goods ever brought to Smethport.

HATS and CAPS.

All the latest styles in fashionable headgear for gentlemen's wear can be found in this department.

Boots & Shoes.

The finest stock to select from in this section.

Good Goods and Low Prices,

has always been my motto, from which I do not now intend to depart. I never had a more complete and desirable stock of goods in store, and my prices were never lower.

—FOR YOUR—
Spring Suit of Clothes

go to H. W. Rubin's. He can fit you out with a rig that for durability and price cannot be duplicated in McKean county.

H. W. RUBIN,
Main St., - Smethport.

P. D. HOPKINS
Successor to C. L. Douglass,
Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,
SMETHPORT, PA.
—Dealer in—
DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for Cash.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

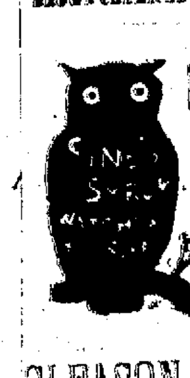
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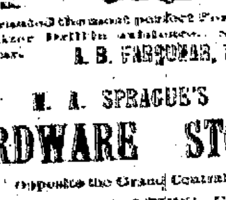
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[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

but there was something besides ugliness stamped upon my features, that I have never got rid of, until this day—something resembling that which look with which a startled person wakes from deep sleep more than anything that I can think of. And really it is not to be wondered at. What I do wonder at is that we escaped at all with our reason.

Presently to my intense relief I saw old Billali hurrying toward us, and even then I could scarcely help smiling at the expression of consternation on his dignified countenance.

"Oh, my Baboon! my Baboon!" he cried "my dear son, is it indeed thee and the Lion? Why, his mane that was as ripe as corn is white like the snow. Whence come ye, and where is the Pig, and where, too, She-who-must-be-obeyed?"

"Dead, both dead," I answered; "but ask not questions; help us, and give us food and water, or we, too, shall die before thine eyes. Seest thou not that our tongues are black for want of water? How can we talk then?"

"Dead!" he gasped, "impossible! She who never dies, dead, how can it be?" and then perceiving, I think, that his face was being watched by the mutes who had come running up he checked himself and motioned to them to carry us to the camp, which they did.

Fortunately when we arrived some broth was boiling on the fire, and with this Billali fed us, for we were too weak to feed ourselves, thereby, I firmly believe, saving us from death by exhaustion. Then he bade the mutes wash the blood and grime from us with wet cloths, and after that we were laid down upon piles of aromatic grass and instantly fell into the dead sleep of absolute exhaustion of mind and body.

CHAPTER XXVIII

OVER THE MOUNTAIN

The next thing I recollect is a feeling of the most dreadful stiffness, and a sort of vague idea passing through my half awakened brain that I was a carpet that had just been beaten. I opened my eyes, and the first thing they fell on was the venerable countenance of our old friend Billali, who was seated by the side of the improvised bed upon which I was sleeping and thoughtfully stroking his long beard. The sight of him at once brought back to my mind a recollection of all that we had recently passed through, which was accentuated by the vision of poor Leo lying opposite to me, his face knocked almost to a jelly, and his beautiful crown of curls turned from yellow to white, and I shut my eyes again and groaned.

"Thou hast slept long, my Baboon," said the old Billali.

"How long, my father?" I asked.

"A round of the sun and a round of the moon, a day and a night, hast thou slept, and the Lion also. See, he sleepeth yet."

"Blessed is sleep," I answered, "for it swallows up recollection."

"Tell me," he said, "what hath befallen ye, and what is this strange story of the death of her who dieth not. Bethink thee, my son: if this be true, then is thy danger and the danger of the Lion very great—nay, almost is the pot red wherewith ye shall be potted, and the stomachs of those who shall eat ye are already hungry for the feast. Knowest thou not that these Amahagger, my children, these dwellers in the caves, hate ye more because of their brethren whom she put to the torture for ye? Assuredly, if once they learn that there is naught to fear from Hiya, from the terrible She who must be obeyed, they will slay ye by the pot. But let me hear thy tale, my poor Baboon."

Thus adjured, I set to work and told him—not everything, indeed, for I did not think it desirable to do so, but sufficient for my purpose, which was to make him understand that She was really no more, having fallen into some fire, and, as I put it, for the real thing would have been incomprehensible to him—been burned up. I also told him some of the horrors we had undergone in effecting our escape, and these produced a great impression on him. But I clearly saw that he did not believe in the report of Ayesha's death. He believed indeed that we thought that she was dead, but his explanation was that it had suited her to disappear for a while. Once, he said, in his father's time, she had done so for ten years, and there was a tradition in the country that many centuries back no one had seen her for a whole generation, when she suddenly reappeared, and destroyed a woman who had assumed the position of queen. I said nothing to this, but only shook my head sadly. Alas! I knew too well that Ayesha would appear no more, at any rate that Billali would never see her.

"And now," concluded Billali, "what wouldst thou do, my Baboon?"

"Nay," I said, "I know not, my father. Can we not escape from this country?"

He shook his head.

"It is very difficult. By Kor ye cannot pass, for ye would be seen, and as soon as those fierce ones found that ye were alone, well," and he smiled significantly and made a movement as though he were placing a hat on his head. "But there is a way over the cliff whereof I once spake to ye, where they drive the cattle out to pasture. Then beyond the pastures are three days' journey through the marshes, and after that I know not, but I have heard that seven days' journey from thence is a mighty river which floweth to the black water. If ye could come thither, perchance ye might escape, but how can ye come thither?"

"Billali," I said, "once, thou knowest, I did save thy life. Now pay back the debt, my father, and save me mine and my friend's, the Lion's. It shall be a pleasant thing for thee to think of when thine hour comes, and something to set in the scale against the evil-doing of thy days, if perchance thou hast done any evil. Also, if thou be right, and if She doth but hide herself, surely when she comes again she shall reward thee."

"My son the Baboon," answered the old man, "think not that I have an ungrateful heart. Well do I remember how thou didst rescue me when those dogs stood by to see me drown. Measure for measure will I give thee, and if thou canst be saved, surely I will save thee. Listen: by dawn to-morrow be prepared, for litters shall be here to bear ye away across the mountains, and through the marshes beyond. This will I do, saying that it is the word of She that it be done, and he who obeyeth not the word of She food is he for the hyenas. Then when ye have crossed the marshes, ye must strike with your own hand, so that perchance, if good fortune go with ye, ye may live to come to that black water whereof ye told me. And now, see, the Lion wakes, and ye must eat the food I have made ready for ye."

Leo's condition when once he was fairly aroused proved not to be so bad as might have been expected from his appearance, and we both of us managed to eat a hearty meal, which indeed we needed sadly enough. After this we limped down to the spring and bathed, and then came back and slept again till evening, when we once more ate enough for five. Billali was away all that day, no doubt making arrangements about litters and bearers, for we were wakened in the middle of the night by the arrival of a considerable number of men in the little camp.

At dawn the old man himself appeared, and told us that he had, by using She's dreaded name, though with some difficulty, succeeded in getting the necessary men and two guides to conduct us across the swamps, and that he urged us to start at once, at the same time announcing his intention of accompanying us so as to protect us against treachery. I was much touched by this act of kindness on the part of that wily old barbarian toward two utterly defenseless strangers. A three—or in his case, for he would have to return, six—days' journey through those deadly swamps was no light undertaking for a man of his age, but he consented to it cheerfully in order to promote our safety. It shows that even among those dreadful Amahagger—who are certainly with their gloom and their devilish and ferocious rites, by far the most terrible savages that I ever heard of—there are people with kindly hearts. Of course self interest may have had something to do with it. He may have thought that She would suddenly reappear and demand an account of us at his hands, but still, allowing for all deductions, it was a great deal more than we could expect under the circumstances, and I can only say that I shall for as long as I live cherish a most affectionate remembrance of my nominal parent, old Billali.

Accordingly, after swallowing some food, we started in the litters, feeling, so far as our bodies went, wonderfully like our old selves after our long rest and sleep. I must leave the condition of our minds to the imagination.

Then came a terrible pull up the cliff. Sometimes the ascent was natural, more often it was a zigzag roadway cut, no doubt, in the first instance by the old inhabitants of Kor. The Amahagger say they drive their spare cattle over it once a year to pasture outside, all I know is that those cattle must be uncommonly active on their feet. Of course the litters were useless here, so we had to walk.

For three whole days, through stench and mire, and the all prevailing flavor of fever, did our bearers struggle along, till at length we came to open, rolling ground, quite uncultivated, and mostly treeless, but covered with game of all sorts, which lies beyond that almost desolate, and without guides utterly impracticable, district. And here on the following morning we bade farewell, not without some regret, to old Billali, who stroked his white beard, and solemnly blessed us.

"Farewell, my son the Baboon," he said, "and farewell to thee, O Lion. I can do no more to help ye. But if ever ye come to your own country, be advised, and venture no more into lands that ye know not, lest ye come back no more, but leave your white bones to mark the limit of your journeyings. Farewell once more; often shall I think of ye, nor wilt thou forget me, my Baboon, for though thy face is ugly thy heart is true." And then he turned and went, and with him went the tall and sullen looking bearers, and that was the last that we saw of the Amahagger. We watched them winding away with the empty litters like a procession bearing dead men from a battle, till the mists from the marsh gathered round them and hid them, and then, left utterly desolate in the vast wilderness, we turned and gazed around us and at each other.

Three weeks or so before, four men had entered the marshes of Kor, and now two of us were dead, and the other two had gone through adventures and experiences so strange and terrible that death himself hath not a more fearful countenance. Three weeks—and only three weeks! Truly time should be measured by events and not by the lapse of hours. It seemed like thirty years since we saw the last of our whale-boat.

"We must strike out for the Zambesi, Leo," I said, "but God knows if we shall ever get there."

Leo nodded. He had become very silent of late, and we started with nothing but the clothes we stood in, a compass, our revolvers and express rifles, and about 200 rounds of ammunition, and so ended the history of our visit to the ruins of mighty Kor.

As for the adventures that subsequently befell us, strange and varied as they were, I have, after deliberation, determined not to record them here. In these pages I have only tried to give a short and clear account of an occurrence which I believe to be unique, and this I have done, not with a view to immediate publication, but merely to put on paper while they are yet fresh in our memories the details of our journey and its result, which, will, I believe, prove interesting to the world if ever we determine to make them public. This, as at present advised, we do not intend should be done during our joint lives.

For the rest, it is of no public interest, resembling as it does, the experience of more than one Central African traveler. Suffice it to say that we did, after incredible hardships and privations, reach the Zambesi, which proved to be about 170 miles south of where Billali left us. There we were for six months imprisoned by a savage tribe, who believed us to be supernatural beings, chiefly on account of Leo's youthful face and snow white hair. From these people we ultimately escaped, and, crossing the Zambesi, wandered off southward, where, when on the point of starvation, we were sufficiently fortunate to fall in with a half caste Portuguese elephant hunter who had followed a troop of elephants farther inland than he had ever been before. This man treated us most hospitably and hospitably, and ultimately through his assistance we, after innumerable sufferings and adventures, reached Delagoa bay more than eighteen months from the day we emerged from the marshes of Kor, and the very next day managed to catch one of the Donald Currie boats that run around the Cape to England. Our journey home was a prosperous one, and we set our foot on the quay at Southampton exactly two years from the date of our departure upon our wild and seemingly ridiculous quest, and now I write these last words with Leo leaning over my shoulder in my old room in my college, the very same into which some two and twenty years ago my poor friend Vincey came stumbling on the memorable night of his death, bearing the iron chest with him.

Is Leo really a reincarnation of the ancient Kallikrates of whom the writer speaks? Or was Ayesha deceived by some extraordinary and [illegible] resemblance? The reader must form his own opinion on this as on many other matters. I have mine, which is that She made no such [illegible].

And that is the end of this history so far as it concerns the science and the outside world. What its end will be as regards Leo and myself is more than I can guess at. But we feel that it is not reached yet. A story that began more than 2,000 years ago may stretch a long way into the dim and distant future.

Often I sit alone at night, staring with the eyes of the mind into the blackness of unborn time, and wondering in what shape and form the great drama will be finally developed and where the scene of its next act will be laid. And when that final development ultimately occurs, as I have no doubt it must and will occur, in obedience to a fate that never swerves and a purpose that cannot be altered, what will be the part played therein by that Egyptian Amenartas, the princess of the race of the Pharaoh Hakor, for the love of whom the ancient Kallikrates broke his vows to Isis, and, pursued by the inexorable vengeance of the outraged goddess, fled down the coast of Libya to meet his doom at Kor.

THE END.

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

From our regular correspondent

WASHINGTON, July 5. Secretary Fairchild's expedient of prepaying interest and purchasing bonds to relieve the tension of the financial situation may effect his purpose, but I am skeptical on that subject and believe that the disordered finances of the Government demand different and extraordinary treatment. The Secretary's action has the appearance of temporarily inflating the currency for the benefit of speculative purposes rather than subserving the substantial business interests of the country. Doubtless the true remedy is an extra session of Congress, but it is extremely doubtful whether the Democrats have the courage to adopt that measure.

A conference of representative Democratic Congressmen is announced to take place in this city soon, to interchange views as to party policy. Many of the conferees have arrived and are awaiting the coming of their chief, Mr. Carlisle, to whom Mr. Randall is expected to play second fiddle in the councils of the free trade party.

Quite a number of these Congressmen have other objects in view, wishing as the Washington phrase runs, "to take care" of their friends in the departments, and scores of whom are in danger of decapitation on account of Democratic reform or having reduced the appropriation bills for the fiscal year, beginning July 1st. The unfortunates who have to go will be those who are unable to command weighty Congressional influence.

The discussion of Mr. Lamar for Supreme Justice, develops the fact that the Secretary is not so conservative and dispassionate as is generally supposed, that he is really Bourbon to the core, being reactionary in his tendencies and representing the old rather than the new south. Some years since, Mr. Lamar, while a professor in the university of Mississippi, at Oxford, assaulted in open court, at that place, a United States Judge and a United States Marshal and afterward made a speech, priding himself on the exploit. In recent years the Secretary has, in the United States Senate, grossly insulted Senator Conkling and defended Jeff Davis, still later he has lowered the flag in honor of Jake Thompson. And then, worse than all else, the Secretary is an ardent and avowed defender of the arch traitor and nullifier, Calhoun.

A conference of the local civil service officers of the leading cities of the country was lately held in Washington to devise a uniform system of making appointments under these rules, the result being that it was decided to make no change in the form of application by candidates, but to prevent favoritism in future, they recommend that all examination papers be marked in Washington by a board of fifteen members from the several government departments. As the civil-service concurs in this recommendation, it only needs the President's approval to become effective, which it will probably receive.

The total receipts from internal revenue for the past fiscal year amount to $118,000,000, an increase of about $2,000,000 over the previous year, but the Treasury surplus will be less than half what it was a year ago, as very large disbursements begin with the new fiscal year: $19,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds will become due on that day, also $12,000,000 in pensions and other large expenditures. For the next two months the indications are that there will be decreased receipts and increased disbursements.

The probabilities are that the number of election contests in the next Congress will be much less than usual, the testimony in such cases is sent to the Clerk of the House, and he has so far only two or three notices of contest, the time for such action having lapsed in several reported contests, that against Mr. Carlisle among the number.

The sombre folds of crape shadowed the Department of Justice the other day in memory of the death of James Speed, of Kentucky, who was the Attorney General in the Cabinet of the martyred Lincoln. Mr. Speed is kindly remembered here as a fine type of rugged integrity and old fashioned statesmanship.

Mrs. John A. Logan has gone to Chicago to hurry up the preparation for the final sepulchre of her honored and heroic husband's remains in Jackson Park. Mrs. Logan is still uneasy lest a new demand be made for a removal of the General's remains from their temporary resting place at Rock Creek Cemetery in this city, on account of an objection of the rector to the quartering of the guard in the churchyard. R

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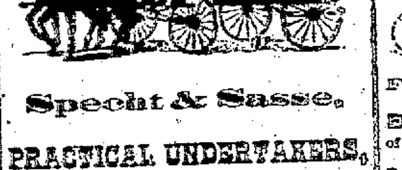
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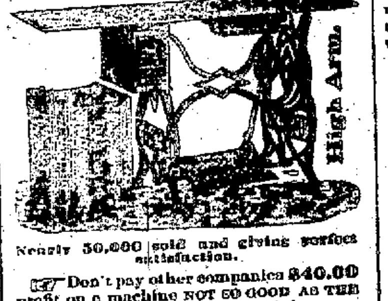
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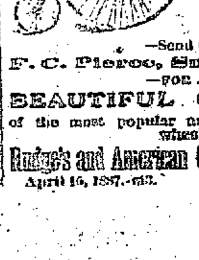
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A WISCONSIN GENIUS INVENTS A TRUNK ON WHEELS.

An Ingenious Plan for the Pumping of Water—A Trustworthy Cement—Other Matters That Will Prove of General Interest to Our Readers.

A recent invention, likely to prove welcome to the now overburdened porters and baggage men, is a trunk constructed on one end with an inclined bottom, on which are as well one, two or more bearings, each carrying a wheel. "The wheels," says The Scientific



A NOVEL TRUNK.

tific American (in which this trunk was recently illustrated), "do not touch the ground when the trunk stands on its bottom. The end opposite the inclined bottom is provided with handles. When it is desirable to move the trunk, the handles are grasped, and that end lifted until the trunk rests upon the wheels, when it can be rolled in any desired direction. It is apparent that this invention is also applicable to sample cases, tool chests, etc. This novel trunk is the invention of a Wisconsin genius."

Ingenious Plan of Pumping Water.

A correspondent, writing from the Thousand Isles in The Scientific American, tells of a plan which he devised to get water pumped for use in his house by utilizing a small part of the waste energy of the St. Lawrence river. The apparatus was very simple, and consisted of a framework of wood hung between two uprights driven firmly in the beach just at the point where the incoming waves attained their greatest velocity just before breaking. At the bottom of this was hung a trough made of two boards joined at their edges at right angles, and at the proper height, to secure a full immersion in an ordinary wave; the concave side, of course, toward the open water. This float rose and fell with each wave, and at each motion worked the piston of a pump to a greater or less degree, according to the size of the wave. This contrivance was found satisfactory, as it pumped an ample supply of water for his household needs, cost but one-third of what a windmill would, and did not make an unsightly feature of the landscape.

A Trustworthy Cement.

A trustworthy cement, one that will resist the action of water and acids, especially acetic acid, is: Finely powdered litharge, fine dry white sand and plaster of paris, each three quarts by measure, finely pulverized resin one part. Mix and make into a paste with boiled linseed oil, to which a little drier has been added, and let it stand for four or five hours before using. After fifteen hours' standing, it loses strength. This cement is said to have been successfully employed in the Zoological gardens, London.

Substituting Iron for Steel.

One of the remarkable mechanical changes of the day is the setting aside of steel and re-adoption of iron for some of the most important wearing parts of locomotives on many railroads in this country and Canada. How far this change will go is hard to tell. It is not many years since the change was made, on most roads, from iron to steel.

Recipe for Making Antique Brass.

The following recipe for making antique brass is vouched for by a scientist: Dissolve one ounce sal ammoniac, three ounces cream of tartar and six ounces common salt in one pint of hot water; then add two ounces nitrate of copper, dissolved in a half pint of water, mix well, and apply it repeatedly to the article by means of a brush.

A New Opinion About Ivy.

An English experimenter has discovered that contrary to the general opinion a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from moisture; the ivy extracts every possible particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone for its own sustenance, by means of the tiny roots, which work their way into even the hardest stone.

Importance of the Soja Bean.

The fact has been established that in the Soja bean there exists a ferment of remarkable saccharifying power. Two-thirds of the starch is converted by this fermentation into sugar and one-third into dextrine. This discovery will, without doubt, increase greatly the importance of this bean in agriculture.

The Grave of Hambletonian.

On the crest of a hill at Chester, N. Y., close by the roadside, the founder of the greatest family of light harness horses sleeps. The grave is inclosed by a frail picket fence, and a marble slab bears this inscription: "Rysdyk's Hambletonian, foaled May 5, 1849; died March 27, 1876." The little gate which opens from the road is barred by a large stone, and he who would stand upon the sacred soil must climb the fence. A young elm is growing above the mound, and thirty feet away is a wild cherry. The dandelions glow like drops of gold in the tender grass, and an atmosphere of sweetness and quiet bathes the hills. The great horse rests not more than 100 yards from the stable which sheltered him, and among the scenes of his triumphs. He made Mr. Rysdyk a rich man, and surprise is often expressed that he was not more generously remembered in the will. But Mr. Rysdyk was an odd character. He once became disgusted with horses, and offered, as Mr. Gavin well remembers, all his stock, including Hambletonian, for sale. Only a few neighbors attended the auction, and as no bids were made the stallion was preserved to him. Some goddess of good fortune seemed to interfere and ward off the evil. As Mr. Rysdyk's income increased he gratified his passion for land proprietorship, and farm after farm was added to the modest homestead. Nearly all these lands have passed from his descendants, and now strangers are asked to subscribe to a fund for erecting a monument over the grave of Hambletonian.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

Mr. Ruskin Not Crazy.

Mr. Ruskin desires to contradict the "partly idle, partly malicious" rumors which have lately got abroad concerning his health. "Whenever," he says, "I write a word that my friends don't like, they say I am crazy; and never consider what a cruel and wicked form of libel they thus provoke against the work of an old age in all its convictions antagonistic to the changes of the times and in all its comfort oppressed by them."—New York Tribune.

Is It Correct?

Can one say correctly, "There are a number of grammatical errors in the book"? By no means. If the errors spoken of were grammatical, they would not be errors in grammatical construction, which is meant.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Blood! Blood!!

Don't fail to use Dennis' Great Blood purifyer for any physical disability or ill health. It will keep you in health or restore it if lost. For sale at McCoy's drug store other and places of trade in this county, either in dry compound at 50 cents a package or in liquid form at $1.00 per bottle. Free from aloes. G. T. Dennis, Proprietor and Manufacturer, Eldred, Pa.

The Population of Smethport

Is about 1500, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Price 50c and $1. Respectfully, E. B. McCoy, druggist, Smethport, Pa. no9ly

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A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA RHEUMATISM,

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and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

Mr. F. A. Miller 539 East 117th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."

Mrs. T. A. Solomons, of 159 Halliday St., Jersey City, writes: "My son Harry, eleven years, was cured of Malaria by Kaskine, after fifteen months' illness, when we had given up all hope."

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

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SWAYNE'S PANACEA PURIFIES SYPHILITIC BLOOD.

LONDON HAIR RESTORER (ENGLISH) DR. SWAYNE & SON SOLE AGENT

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THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES & SKIN HUMOR

SYMPTOMS: Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night—worse by scratching—very distressing. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Sent by mail for 50 cts.

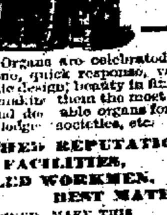
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The following is a list of persons who have recently insured in the U. B. Mutual Aid Society, in Division 1:

J H Sowers	$5,000
N G Swanson	3,000
S J Swanson	3,000
J T Laird	1,000
R E Burdick	2,000
C A Burdick	5,000
H P Weaver	5,000
Wm O Connor	2,000
Mrs M A Sartwell	2,000
Clark Wilson	1,000
J W Reilly	2,000
Wm Haskell	5,000
W Z Georgia	5,000
J W Pike	2,000
W P Burdick	5,000
G N Barrett	5,000
F A Burdick	2,000
G E Wood	2,000
R Sartwell	2,000
Wm Myres	5,000
Thos Diffenderfer	3,000
James O Delp	2,000
Geo Miller	2,000
M O Campbell	5,000
J E Andersen	2,000
N Crossmyre	3,000
Mrs O A James	3,000
Wm Hearst	5,000
Duane Jones	4,000
A T Palmer	3,000
John O Connor	5,000
A R Cory	5,000
A T Smith	2,000
J B Shoemaker	1,000
D H Huff	3,000
Thomas Huff	2,000
E W Long	5,000
H H Corsons	5,000
A J Larsons	5,000
Dr Armstrong	5,000

"Delays Have Dangerous Ends."

And yet with this fact before them many persons still delay to make provisions for their end by neglecting to secure certificates of membership in the U. B.

C. A. Burdick, Dist. Agt.

—FOR—

Cameron, Elk, Warren, Potter and McKean Counties.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 14, 1887.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

BUFFALO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

Time Table takes effect June 1, 1887.

NORTH'D. BUFFALO DIVISION. SOUTH'D.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	Ar.	Lv.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7 00	1 20	8 30	Buffalo		[illegible]		
6 15	12 40	7 43	East Aurora		[illegible]		
5 37	12 00	7 08	Chaffee		[illegible]		
5 31	12 03	7 02	Arcade		[illegible]		
5 12	11 45	6 44	Machias		[illegible]		
5 00	11 34	6 32	Franklinville		[illegible]		
4 35	11 07	6 02	Hinsdale		[illegible]		
4 10	10 47	5 45	Olean		[illegible]		
2 10	7 15		Bradford		[illegible]		
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Lv.	Ar.			
2 48	10 32		Portville		[illegible]		
3 00	10 10		Eldred		[illegible]		
3 18	10 00		Larrabee		[illegible]		
2 01	9 40		Port Allegany		[illegible]		
1 30	8 35		Emporium		[illegible]		
p.m.	a.m.		Lv.	Ar.			
a.m.			Lv.	Ar.			
3 30			Harrisburg		[illegible]		
11 20			Philadelphia		[illegible]		
8 00			New York		[illegible]		
11 20			Baltimore		[illegible]		
10 00			Washington		[illegible]		
p.m.			Lv.	Ar.			

Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo [illegible] p. m. and arriving Buffalo 8:30 a. m. running [illegible].

Additional Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo 9:00 a. m., arriving at Machias Jc. [illegible] leave Machias Jc. 5:12 p. m., arriving at Buffalo at 7:35 p. m. stopping at intermediate stations.

Narrow Gauge System. Trains leave for Bradford 7.20, 11.05 a. m., [illegible] p. m. arrive Olean 2.58 a. m., 3.55, 6.00 p. m. Leave Eldred for Bradford 7.10, 11.42 a. m., [illegible] p. m. arrive Eldred 8.40, a. m., [illegible]. Leave Bradford for Kinzua 6.00, 9.15 a. m. [illegible] p. m., arrive Bradford 11.25 a. m. [illegible].

Sunday Trains.—Leave Olean for Bradford 3.30 p. m., arrive Olean 12.00 a. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Time.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Emporium and Philadelphia, connecting with trains leaving Buffalo at 2.00 p. m. arriving Buffalo 7.00 p. m.

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principle points.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't.

J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T'k Agt. No. 64, Exchange St. Buffalo, N. Y.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

Lv Northw'd		STATIONS.	Lv Southw'd	
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.
3.10	9.35	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]
3.00	9.10	Frisbee	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.45	9.00	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.33	8.40	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.13	7.30	Crosby	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.08	7.10	Colegrove	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.03	7.00	Hamlin	[illegible]	[illegible]
1.55	6.00	Clermont	[illegible]	[illegible]
P.M.	A.M.			

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Jan. 20, 1887.

Ar. EASTW'D.		STATIONS.	Lv WESTW'D.	
P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
8.15	1.23	Coudersport	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.12	1.19	Hammonds	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.07	1.14	Fish Basket	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.04	1.10	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.50	1.05	Nelsons	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.41	12.57	Knowlton	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.45	12.00	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.40	12.45	Pomeroy Bridge	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.33	12.30	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.20	12.24	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]
7.15	12.16	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM

BRADFORD BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD, and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect Sunday, May 2, 1887.

WESTWARD. STATIONS. EASTWARD.

p.m.	a.m.	STATIONS	a.m.	p.m.
5 20	11 50	ar. Bradford lv.	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 45	11 16	Kenzua Jn.	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 30	11 09	Rew City	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 13	10 48	Rixford	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 03	10 43	Duke Centre	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 50	10 25	Eldred	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 32	10 10	Bullis Mills	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 17	9 54	Ceres	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 50	9 40	Little Genesee	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 55	9 30	Lv. Bolivar Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 31	9 06	Allentown	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 05	8 35	lv. Wellsville ar	[illegible]	[illegible]

N. Y., L. E. & W.: Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghampton, lv. New York ar [illegible]

p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
1 30	10 45	ar. Bradford lv.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 40	10 16	Kinzua Junct'n	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 33	10 02	Aiken	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 26	9 56	Davis	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 19	9 50	Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 10	9 40	Ormsby	[illegible]	[illegible]
	9 05	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]
12 40	9 03	Mt. Jewett	[illegible]	[illegible]

JNO. C. McKENNA, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 23, 1887. Daily Except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30, a. m.—Day Express for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:20 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:45 p. m., Washington, 7:45 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

9:15 p. m.—Erie Mail for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 a. m., New York 11:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:15 a. m., Washington 9:30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington and through passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10:30 a. m.—Erie Mail for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

6:20 p. m.—Niagara Express for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia 7:40 a. m., Baltimore 7:30 a. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 6:20 p. m., with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:25 p. m., Washington 10:00 p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 10:30 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

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